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POEMS

BY

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD, A. M.

WITH

SOME PIECES IN PROSE.

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NEW-YORK:
Printed by *T. & J. SWORDS*, No. 99 Pearl-street.

1801.

TO

JOSIAH OGDEN HOFFMAN, Esquire,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK,

THIS WORK

Is respectfully inscribed, as a small testimony of gratitude for his patronage of its publication,

By his obliged humble servant,

The EDITOR.

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PREFACE.

THE Manuscript Poems of the late Mr. HONEYWOOD having fallen into the hands of the *Editor*, in consequence of his marriage with the widow of the deceased, he thought that while he fulfilled the intention of their Author, he could not do greater justice to his memory, or better gratify his numerous friends, than by their publication. Proposals were issued by Mr. HONEYWOOD, just before his death, for the publication of his works, and he had begun to transcribe and arrange them for that purpose, but did not live to proceed further than "*The Selfish Man's Prayer on the Prospect of War*," in the order in which they appear in the present volume.

The others, many of which were, with difficulty, rescued from the confusion of interlineation, are now given to the public; and if there is any want of judg-

ment in the selection, the fault is wholly that of the Editor, as some of them, undoubtedly, were never intended by the Author for publication.

The poem "*on Crimes and Punishments*," which, it is presumed, will be thought to possess uncommon merit, for the justness and propriety of the thoughts, the neatness and force of the language, and the ease and elegance of the versification, was written on more than fifty different pieces of paper. An intimate friend of the Author, who was present at the time of his decease, has been so good as to arrange it in the form in which it now appears. It is probably incomplete; and though the Editor is by no means reconciled to the application of the two concluding similies; yet their intrinsic beauty, and an unwillingness to smother the sparks of genius, were deemed sufficient inducements for not suppressing them.

Some of the smaller pieces may be thought too local in their incidents and allusions, or too light and inconsiderable to meet the public eye; yet, however

trivial in their origin, or limited in their application, they may be considered by some worthy of preservation, as the temporary effusions of genius exerting its energies on the simple objects which surround it.

It is hoped that the pieces in prose, which form the *Appendix*, will be found to possess sufficient merit to justify their insertion in this volume.

Had our Author lived in a literary atmosphere, blessed with early competency, and encouraged by patronage, instead of bending under the pressure of pecuniary exigence, and wasting his fine talents in the petty warfare of village contention, he would, probably, have stood foremost in the walks of Literature.

It would have been pleasing to the Editor had it been in his power to gratify a curiosity so natural to most readers, to know something of the life and character of the Author whose performances have afforded them either amusement or instruction. His situation has precluded him from any personal acquaintance

with the history of Mr. HONEYWOOD; and he has not the leisure necessary to the collection of those minute facts and circumstances, or characteristic traits of character, which alone render biography interesting or valuable.

For the sake of those, however, who may have never, perhaps, heard of the name of this Poet, the following particulars are mentioned.

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD was born at *Leicester*, in the Commonwealth of *Massachusetts*. His father was a respectable Physician in that place. At the age of twelve years our Poet had the misfortune to lose his parents. An orphan, destitute of patrimony, he was greatly indebted to the generosity of individuals for the education he received.

At a Latin school, then of some celebrity at *Lebanon*, in the State of *Connecticut*, under the care of Mr. TISDALE, he was taught those rudiments of learning which are a necessary preparation for an admission to *Yale College*. Soon after entering that seminary

he became the distinguished favourite of the President, Dr. STILES, into whose house, during his residence at *New-Haven*, he was received with parental kindness.

The following extract from the life of that learned and benevolent man, published by the Rev. ABIEL HOLMES, will show the continuance of that friendship so early and honourably formed between the patron and his pupil, as well as the gratitude of the latter to his venerable benefactor.

"In the autumnal vacation he (Dr. STILES) took "a tour into the States of *New-York* and *Vermont*. "In this journey he met with a young man (Mr. "HONEYWOOD) who had formerly been his pupil "at college; and who, as an orphan child, and a youth "of a fine genius, he shared, among many others, "the benefits of his patronage. Delighted with the "society of his president and patron, he accompanied "him in the northern part of his tour, and became "acquainted with his manner of travelling; of which, "in a letter, he gives this characteristic sketch:—

"This morning I had scarcely opened my eyes on "the dawn, when my landlord informed me that the "President was in town. I started up, mounted a "horse, and found him eating his breakfast in a paltry "inn, with as much good humour and contentment "as he could have done in a palace.—I shall make no "apology for sending you a little history of my ride "to *Bennington*, whither my dear preceptor allowed "me to escort him. As this was a most delightful "tour, I dare say that he has furnished you with many "curious particulars; but some, which demonstrate "the peculiar goodness of his heart, I am suspicious "his modesty has concealed. These, like his other "virtues, must be celebrated by his friends. I shall not "tire your patience by a description of the bad roads. "In all probability we had reached C—— without a "single adventure; but, lo! when we least expected, "Nature presented a curiosity. The remains of a "mighty tree, laid low in dust, true emblem of fallen "greatness, called our attention. We alighted in a

" moment; found it, upon mensuration, to be up-
" wards of four feet in diameter; and next counting
" the grains, were delighted to discover that two hun-
" dred and forty years had been the years of its pil-
" grimage.—We arrived at C—— about sunset, and,
" as neither the President nor I make corporeal sup-
" pers, we sat down to a very elegant literary repast.
" *Heliogabulus*, that imperial epicure, who is said to
" have expended half a million on a meal, never had
" any thing to equal this.

" We determined to take in our route the place
" where Count BAUM, of the *Hessians*, was de-
" feated in 1777. Here occurred an instance of the
" President's humanity. At one of the houses where
" we called to inquire concerning the battle, a gen-
" tleman showed us several human bones, which had
" been picked up in the fields. The tear of pity stole
" into the eye of my venerable companion: ' These,
" Sir,' said he to the person who showed them, ' are
" the remains of some unhappy mortal. The desire

" of glory, or, perhaps, the commands of a tyrant,
" led him here. He is now no more. Let us forgive
" the enemy, and respect the man. Perhaps he has
" left a mother, a sister, or even a tenderer connection,
" who, at this moment, is lamenting his loss. How
" exquisite must their feelings be did they know that
" his bones lie thus neglected and unburied! For the
" honour of humanity, Sir, I will give your servant
" a reasonable compensation if you will let him bury
" them in the earth.' The man to whom this pathetic
" request was addressed seemed to feel but little,
" though he was very clever and obliging. I have,
" however, the satisfaction to assure you, that, on my
" return from *Bennington*, I enforced this request,
" and saw those mortifying remains of mortality in-
" terred in the parent dust. That unfortunate soldier
" whose bones, for nine long years, lay bleaching on
" the heights of *Woolomscoe*, has now as soft a bed
" as the ALEXANDERS, the POMPEYS, or the CÆ-
" SARS.—While I am among the tombs, let me

" tell you we paid a visit to the grave of the Count " de BAUM. He lies buried hard by the river's brink, " and a little rising of the turf alone distinguishes his " grave. We were disappointed to see the grave of " this great commander so wretchedly neglected, and " first thought of opening a subscription for the pur- " pose of erecting a decent stone; but being informed " that his mother is living in *Germany*, the President " adopted the resolution of writing to her through " the channel of Sir WILLIAM HOWE.

" The country round *Bennington* is highly roman- " tic. In most places we commanded an extensive " horizon—long tracts of low land, variegated with " young orchards, decent cottages, terminated by the " Green Mountains, the ascent of which is frequently " with a slope, truly picturesque. The mountains " here give us not the idea of the walls of a prison, " which I have sometimes had in the high lands, but " of vast airy columns, ranged at unequal distances, " to support the great vault of heaven. In one of the

"little drawings I send you, you will find a tolerably
"good view of the country, and particularly you
"will observe the slope of the hills, which attracted
"our admiration so strongly.

"The President fancied this place bore a strong
"resemblance to his favourite *Palestina*, and drew
"a beautiful comparison, in terms that were nearly
"poetical. I have taken the freedom of reducing his
"observations into verse:

"'Tis thus, he cried, as hush'd in soft repose,
"On *Zion*'s plains the sacred *Jordan* flows;
"Thus rise his banks, with palms and willows crown'd,
"Where *Salem*'s virgins, to the silver sound
"Of mystic cymbals, danc'd. On every side,
"Thus *Juda*'s mountains rise in airy pride.
"Thus *Olivet*, where erst th' incarnate God,
"Retiring with his faithful followers, trod—
"Whence, as in dazzling majesty he rose,
"He saw the sapphire gates of heaven unclose;
"Wrapp'd in effulgence, met the angelic throng,
"And heard their lyre awake the victor song!"

After completing his collegiate studies with great honour to himself, he quitted *New-England*, and

went to reside at *Schenectady*, in the State of *New-York*, where he continued about two years, as preceptor to an academy. From thence he removed to *Albany*, and commenced the study of the law, in the office of PETER W. YATES, Esquire, with whom he pursued his legal studies for two years: at the expiration of which time, having been admitted to the Bar, he went to *Salem*, in the county of *Washington*, where he practised in his profession for ten years with unblemished reputation. He was made a *Master in Chancery*, which office he resigned on being appointed, by the Governor and Council, Clerk of the County.

He was chosen one of the Electors of the President of the United States when Mr. ADAMS became the successor of WASHINGTON; on which occasion he composed the verses on the *resignation* of the latter.

His situation had now become comparatively opulent; and had his life been prolonged, he would have

enjoyed an ample competence for one so disposed to retirement, and so moderate in his desire of wealth.

An hereditary gout, and a general debility, occasioned, probably, by a too sedentary life, were the ostensible causes of his early death. He died at his house in *Salem*, on the 1st of September, 1798, in the 34th year of his age, justly and universally regretted by his friends and numerous acquaintance. He married, about ten years before, the daughter of Colonel MOSELY, of *Westfield*, in *Massachusetts*, but had no children.

The talents of Mr. HONEYWOOD as a painter were not less than those he possessed as a poet. His favourite style was caricature, and he would have been no unsuccessful imitator of HOGARTH. Many of his historical sketches display great felicity and judgment. His design and execution are the more to be admired, as he never received any instruction in the art, and had no opportunity to behold or study the works of a master.

He had all that eccentricity which is supposed to characterize strong genius. With a fund of genuine humour, and a lively and rapid conception, his great singularity of manners rendered him more interesting to his friends and acquaintance, to whom his society was an unfailing source of amusement and instruction. His mind was stored with sound learning and various knowledge; and possessed of an excellent heart, the most acute sensibility, a high sense of honour, and incorruptible integrity, he was fitted to be the delight of his associates.

With feelings alive to every impression, and a fancy ardent and active, it is not surprising that he should have been sometimes absent, wayward and inconsistent, and even petulant and capricious. He who at one moment has boldly marched to the cannon's mouth, may, at another, tremble at a pop-gun. These occasional weaknesses of temper are too often allied to genius; and they are of little account when

weighed against the general merit of such a character as Mr. HONEYWOOD.

The Editor ought, perhaps, to apologize for attempting to delineate the portrait of one of whom his knowledge is so limited; but he craves indulgence for the imperfect sketch he has given. It is hoped some friend, possessing more ample materials, may be induced to gratify the public with a particular account of a man of such singular genius and worth, and who merits a conspicuous place in the pages of *American biography*.

POEMS.

POEMS, &c.

On General WASHINGTON's *declining a Re-election to the* Presidency *of the* United States.

AS the rude Zemblian views, with anxious eyes,
The sun fast rolling from his wint'ry skies,
While gathering clouds the shaded vault deform,
And hollow winds announce th' impending storm,
His anguish'd soul recoils, with wild affright,
From the drear horrors of the tedious night:
Such fears alarm'd, such gloom o'ercast each mind,
When WASHINGTON his sacred trust resign'd,
And open'd to his much-lov'd country's view
Th' instructive page which bade the long adieu:
So erst *Nimmides*, of prophetic tongue,
Prince, victor, seer, to Juda's list'ning throng,

Gave his last blessings: So, long ages since,
Mild *Solon* and the stern Laconian Prince,
Those boasts of fame, their parting counsels gave
When, worn with toils, they sought the peaceful gra
COLUMBIANS, long preserve that peerless page,
Fraught with the counsels of your warrior-sage;
In all your archives be the gift enroll'd;
Suspend it to your walls, encas'd in gold;
Bid schools recite it; let the priestly train
Chant it on festal days, nor deem the task profane
When round your knees your infant offspring thror
To join the matin prayer or evening song,
Those rites perform'd, invite them to attend
The farewell counsels of their good old friend;
And say he left you, as his last bequest,
Those golden rules to make a nation blest.
O land thrice blest! if to thine interests wise,
Thy Senates learn this precious boon to prize,
While guilty Europe's blood-stain'd empires fall,
While heaven, incens'd, lets loose th' infuriate Ga

Thy States, in phalanx firm, a sacred band,
Safe from the mighty wreck, unmov'd shall stand.
But if, may heaven avert that shameful day!
By base intrigues or factions led astray,
With servile fondness for some foreign State,
We court their quarrels and espouse their hate,
Thenceforth farewell to dignity and fame,
For independence dwindles to a name.
Would those who counsel kings these truths attend;
Romantic wish! for kings have ne'er a friend;
But were these rules on royal minds impress'd,
Monarchs might reign, and subjects would be bless'd;
Dantons and *Robespierres* had died unknown,
And the mild CAPET still had grac'd a throne.
Behold the man, ye crown'd and ermin'd train!
And learn from him the royal art to reign.
No guards surround him or his walks infest,
No cuirass meanly shields his noble breast;
His the defence which despots ne'er can find,
The love, the prayers, the interests of mankind.

Ask ye what spoils his far-fam'd arms have won?
What cities sack'd, what hapless realms undone?
Tho' *Monmouth's* field supports no vulgar fame,
Tho' captur'd *York* shall long preserve his name,
Where brave CORNWALLIS, in a glorious hour,
Doff'd his proud helm, and own'd the victor's power;
I quote not these—a nobler scene behold,
Wide cultur'd fields fast ripening into gold:
There, as his toil the cheerful peasant plies,
New marts are opening and new spires arise:
Here Commerce smiles, and there *en groupe* are seen
The useful arts, and those of sprightlier mein.
To cheer the whole, the Muses tune the lyre,
And *Independence* leads the white-rob'd choir.
Trophies like these, to vulgar chiefs unknown,
Were sought and priz'd by WASHINGTON alone.
From these, with all his country's honours crown'd,
As sage in councils as in arms renown'd,
Great in this action as in all the past,
For ever true, and faithful to the last,

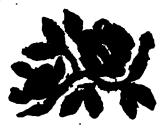
He turns—and urges, as his last request,
Remote from power, his weary head to rest.
ILLUSTRIOUS MAN, *adieu!* yet, ere we part,
Forgive our factions which have wrung thy heart;
Still with indulgent eyes thy country see,
Whose ceaseless prayers ascend the heavens for THEE:
Go, midst the shades of tranquil *Vernon* stray;
In vain attempt to shun the piercing ray
Of circumambient glory—till refin'd
All that could clog to earth the heaven-lent mind,
Then rise triumphant to the blest abodes,
And join those chiefs whom Virtue rais'd to GODS.

Ye who have fought in Freedom's sacred cause,
Who grace our Senates and expound our laws!
Freemen, to whom your country's rights are dear,
Indulge the Muse, and lend a listening ear—
Say, if on you the rights of suffrage wait,
Whom hail we next as FATHER of the STATE?
To each has Heaven peculiar gifts assign'd,
And men, like stars, to certain spheres confin'd;

In paths eccentric few allow'd to stray,
Drawing a splendid train, and brightening all the way.
Saturnine souls, who think and act by rule,
Excel in grave debate and reasonings cool;
Impetuous minds, of more impassion'd form,
"Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm:"
Hence those in councils, these in arms excel,
But few indeed are those who govern well;
For in his breast, who sways the rod of State,
Must centre every gift supremely great;
And as the stars which gild the vault of night,
Unnumber'd, pour effulgence on the sight,
So chiefs and senators in crowds abound,
But rare as comets WASHINGTONS are found.
Is there a man, thro' thrice ten years well tried,
Who ne'er has crouch'd, or meanly chang'd his side?
Ardent and foremost in his country's cause,
The friend of order and of equal laws,
Who views with stern contempt a clamorous throng,
Strife in their heart, and freedom on their tongue;

A whiffling tribe, who, at their leader's nod,
Would sell their souls, their country or their God;
Who, had they liv'd in *Jove*'s impartial reign,
Had join'd the Giants, and enthron'd a PAINE!
Is there a man in whose capacious mind
A *Murray*, *Locke*, and *Chatham* live combin'd,
Who joins to all that men or books have taught,
The fire of genius and the force of thought?
Is there a man, who in these changeful days,
Unaw'd by censure, unallur'd by praise,
True to his aim, and obstinately good,
While factions rag'd, unmov'd as ATLAS stood:
Whose ancient morals stoics might revere,
And Rome, reviv'd, behold her Censor here;
Such as ere Grecian spoils her temples grac'd,
And solid virtue sunk to Attic taste?
Should such a man preside, the land were blest—
Advert your eyes, and ADAMS stands confest.
Fir'd at the name, enraptur'd Fancy flies,
Old Time rolls back, and years long past arise,

To memory fresh unfolds a solemn scene;
Columbia's sires in high divan convene,
Of dread concerns commission'd to consult,
And chains or empire wait the grand result:
Full in the front I see the patriot stand,
All fire his eye, all energy his hand;
Such graceful majesty round TULLY shone,
When Rome's proud master trembled on his throne:
"Ye guardian powers of eloquence divine,
"Prepare each soul to grasp the grand design!
"Inspire my tongue the glorious cause to plead,
"Impel each hand to sign the deathless deed."—
He ceas'd—Assent remurmur'd thro' the throng,
While INDEPENDENCE thunder'd from his tongue.



The ROSE-BUD: *A Song.*

HOW lovely the child of the dawn,
Aurora suffused in tears!
How sweet, 'midst the shade of the thorn,
The blush of the rose-bud appears!

While we gaze, lo! the beautiful flush
Of the orient has vanish'd away;
And the rose-bud, when pluck'd from the bush,
Shall languish, shall fade, and decay.

So transient, sweet boy, are the schemes
Which Youth in warm fancy design'd;
They vanish away like our dreams,
And leave not a shadow behind.

The lessons of Prudence, 'tis true,
We learn, and like parrots prate o'er;
No sooner fresh trifles ensue
Than we think of those lessons no more.

While Folly is acting her part,
Experience comes on with her train;
Her scourges imprint on the heart
What Wisdom long whisper'd in vain.

Like you I once fondly believ'd
That this was mere cynical lore;
Though oftentimes mock'd and deceiv'd,
I trusted to Pleasure the more.

She ran, and I join'd in the race,
Regardless of bramble or thorn,
Till spent and worn out in the chase,
I sunk, and she left me forlorn.

O then, my lov'd Strephon, be wise,
Believe what a friend can suggest;
Bliss, like the gay bow in the skies,
Is gaz'd at, but never possess'd.

The MOB-CALL, *or the* CHARTER *of* SEDITION.

HUZZA, my *Jo Bunkers!* no taxes we'll pay,
Here's a pardon for *Wheeler, Shays, Parsons* and *Day;**
Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old cause,
Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws:
Constitutions and oaths, sir, we mind not a rush,
Such trifles must yield to us lads of the bush;

* Names of the leaders of the insurrection that arose, in 1786, in the State of Massachusetts, chiefly in the counties of Hampshire, Berkshire, and Worcester; which, after convulsing the State for about a year, was finally quelled by a military force under the command of General *Lincoln* and General *Shepherd*. The leaders fled from the State, and were afterwards pardoned. *See Minot's History of the Insurrection in Massachusetts.*

New laws and new charters our books shall display,
Compos'd by Conventions and Counsellor *Grey:*
Since *Boston* and *Salem* so haughty have grown,
We'll make them to know we can let them alone.
Of *Glasgow* or *Pelham* we'll make a sea-port,
And there we'll assemble our General Court:
Our Governor, now, boys, shall turn out to work,
And live, like ourselves, on molasses and pork;
In *Adams* or *Greenwich* he'll live like a Peer
On three hundred pounds, paper money, a year.
Grand-Jurors, and Sheriffs, and Lawyers we'll spurn,
As Judges we'll all take the bench in our turn,
And sit the whole term without pension or fee,
Nor *Cushing* or *Sewal* look graver than we.
Our wigs, though they're rusty, are decent enough,
Our aprons, though black, are of durable stuff;
Array'd in such geer, the laws we'll explain,
That poor people no more shall have cause to complain.
To Congress and impost we'll plead a release;
The French we can beat half a dozen a piece;

We want not their guineas, their arms or alliance;
And as for the Dutchmen, we bid them defiance.
Then huzza, my Jo Bunkers! no taxes we'll pay,
Here's a pardon for *Wheeler*, *Shays*, *Parsons* and *Day*.
Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old cause,
Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

On the PUBLICATION *of a* NEWSPAPER.

TOO long have vile abuse and party rage
Engross'd the PRESS and soil'd the weekly page,
While truth itself, by partial hands pourtray'd,
Half met the light, and half was sunk in shade.
And was the Press, fair Freedom's gift, design'd
To *serve* each baser passion of mankind?
To flatter pride, to point the darts of spite,
To blast the good, and shield the bad from light?

Forbid it heavens! a nobler aim be ours,
To mend the heart, to raise the mental powers,
To show the world, on one extensive plan,
All that is great, and good, and dear to man;
The patriot's plans and councils to display,
To point where glory shapes the warrior's way,
And as fresh wonders burst from every clime,
To mark th' unfoldings of eventful Time;
That while our youth with sparkling eyes shall read
How heroes conquer, or more nobly bleed,
Their infant souls may catch the sacred flame,
And join their country's love to that of fame.
—Co-PATRIOTS all, of every sex and age,
Whom chance may lead to view this humble page,
Protect our Press, espouse a stranger's part,
And deign to foster Learning's favourite art;
With candour read, nor too severely blame;
'Tis all we ask, who dare not hope for fame.

The NEWS-MONGER'S SONG *for the Winter of* 1788.

GOOD news, brother dealers in metre and prose,
The world has turn'd buffer and 's coming to blows;
Write good sense or nonsense, my boys, 'tis all one,
All persons may fire when the battle's begun.
Down, down, derry down.

Our tutors and sages would oftentimes say,
'*Sit omnibus hora*,' each dog has his day:
Queen ANNE's is the æra of genius 'tis known,
Arguendo, this day is for scribblers alone.
Down, down, derry down.

Now *Claxton*, and *Babcock*, and *Webster*, and *Stoddard*,
Hall, Sellers, Childs, Loudon, Oswald, Humphreys,
and *Goddard*,

Claypoole, Spotswood, Green, Bailey, Thomas, Bradford, and *Draper,**
May thank the kind stars for such luck to their paper.
Down, down, derry down.

Come on, brother scribblers! 'tis idle to lag,
The convention has let the cat out of the bag;
Write something at random, you need not be nice,
Public spirit, Montesquieu, and great Doctor Price.
Down, down, derry down.

Talk of Holland and Greece, and of purses and swords,
Democratical mobs, and congressional lords;
Tell what is surrender'd, and what is enjoy'd;
All things weigh alike, boys, we know in a void.
Down, down, derry down.

Much joy! brother printers, the day is our own:
A time like the present time never was known,

* Names of the Printers of Gazettes in the United States.

Predictions are making—predictions fulfil,
All nature seems proud to bring grist to our mill.
Down, down, derry down.

Huge comets once more thro' the system will stroll;
The moon, they inform us, is burnt to a coal:
Old Saturn is tumbling, the sun has a spot,
The world and its glory is going to pot.
Down, down, derry down.

All Europe, we hear, is in horrible pother,
They jockey, they bully, and kill one another:
In Holland, where freedom is lustily bawling,
All's fighting, and swearing, and pulling, and hauling.
Down, down, derry down.

The Czarine and Poland fresh mischiefs are carving,
The Porte is in motion, and Ireland is starving;
While the Dey of Algiers so pot-valiant is grown,
That he swears by the prophet the world's all his own.
Down, down, derry down.

England, blest island! what wonders we view,
York blind as a bat—Lord *George Gordon* a Jew!
Or halters or peerage on *Hastings* await,
And faction *pro more* dismembers the state.
Down, down, derry down.

Prince *George* has relinquish'd the stews for the church,
And struts like a true blue in Solomon's porch:
Corruption pervades through both country and town,
And the tune of the nation is down, derry down.
Down, down, derry down.

We bid Europe farewell—the Atlantic is past—
O freeborn Columbia! you're welcome at last;
Hail congress, conventions, mobs, Shayites and kings,
With bankrupts, and know ye, and such pretty things.
Down, down, derry down.

The state's had a fall, and receiv'd a contusion,
And all things are tumbled in jumbled confusion:

State quacks and state midwives are huddling all round,
But in spite of their drugs we go down, derry down.
Down, down, derry down.

Write then, brother scribblers, your talents display,
This world is a stage, and man's life but a play;
When the curtain is drawn, and the ranting is o'er,
Kings, heroes and waiters are equal once more.
Down, down, derry down.

Old Time, with his brass-eating teeth, shall consume
The works of a Homer, a Newton, a Hume;
And who, when all things are consum'd by old Time,
Can tell but we scribblers were writers sublime?
Down, down, derry down.

DARBY AND JOAN.

PART I.

WHEN *Darby* saw the setting sun
He swung his scythe, and home he run,
Sat down, drank off his quart, and said,
" My work is done, I'll go to bed."
" My work is done!" retorted Joan,
" My work is done! your constant tone;
" But hapless woman ne'er can say,
" My work is done, till judgment-day.
" You men can sleep all night, but we
" Must toil."—" Whose fault is that?" quoth he.
" I know your meaning," Joan replied,
" But, Sir, my tongue shall not be tied;
" I will go on, and let you know
" What work poor women have to do:

" First, in the morning, though we feel
" As sick as drunkards when they reel;
" Yes, feel such pains in back and head
" As would confine you men to bed,
" We ply the brush, we wield the broom,
" We air the beds, and right the room;
" The cows must next be milk'd—and then
" We get the breakfast for the men.
" Ere this is done, with whimpering cries,
" And bristly hair, the children rise;
" These must be dress'd, and dos'd with rue,
" And fed—and all because of you:
" We next"——Here Darby scratch'd his head,
And stole off grumbling to his bed;
And only said, as on she run,
" Zounds! woman's clack is never done."

PART II.

At early dawn, ere Phœbus rose,
Old Joan resum'd her tale of woes;
When Darby thus—" I'll end the strife,
" Be you the man and I the wife:
" Take you the scythe and mow, while I
" Will all your boasted cares supply."
" Content, quoth Joan, give me my stint."
This Darby did, and out she went.
Old Darby rose and seiz'd the broom,
And whirl'd the dirt about the room:
Which having done, he scarce knew how,
He hied to milk the brindled cow.
The brindled cow whisk'd round her tail
In Darby's eyes, and kick'd the pail.
The clown, perplex'd with grief and pain,
Swore he'd ne'er try to milk again:
When turning round, in sad amaze,
He saw his cottage in a blaze:

For as he chanc'd to brush the room
In careless haste, he fir'd the broom.
The fire at last subdu'd, he swore
The broom and he would meet no more.
Press'd by misfortune, and perplex'd,
Darby prepar'd for breakfast next;
But what to get he scarcely knew—
The bread was spent, the butter too.
His hands bedaub'd with paste and flour,
Old Darby labour'd full an hour:
But, luckless wight! thou couldst not make
The bread take form of loaf or cake.
As every door wide open stood,
In push'd the sow in quest of food;
And, stumbling onwards, with her snout
O'erset the churn—the cream ran out.
As Darby turn'd, the sow to beat,
The slipp'ry cream betray'd his feet;
He caught the bread trough in his fall,
And down came Darby, trough and all.

The children, waken'd by the clatter,
Start up, and cry, "Oh! what's the matter?"
Old Jowler bark'd, and Tabby mew'd,
And hapless Darby bawl'd aloud,
"Return, my Joan, as heretofore,
"I'll play the housewife's part no more:
"Since now, by sad experience taught,
"Compar'd to thine my work is naught;
"Henceforth, as business calls, I'll take,
"Content, the plough, the scythe, the rake,
"And never more transgress the line
"Our fates have mark'd, while thou art mine:
"Then Joan, return, as heretofore,
"I'll vex thy honest soul no more;
"Let's each our proper task attend—
"Forgive the past, and strive to mend."

A NEW SONG.

" *Il faut de l'Argent.*"*

SINCE, to please the gay world, all our fashions must be
Adjusted and set—*a la mode de Paris;*
I'll sing you, my comrades, *un petit chanson,*
Just imported from Paris—" *Il faut de l'argent.*"
The truth of my ditty all stations must own,
From the churl at his plough, to the king on his throne.
Great George to his Commons is wont to repeat
The success of his envoys, his armies and fleet:
He laments that new burdens must still be laid on,
And concludes a fine speech with—" *Il faut de l'argent.*"

* We must have money.

Put spur to Pegasus, and take a fair start,
To the humbler of kings, the sublime *Bonaparte:*
He darts through the nations, unrivets their chains,
Sets their tyrants adrift, and gives freedom the reins;
He gives them a cap, and he plants them a tree;
He romps with their wenches, and bids them be free.
Huzza! shout the dupes, we slide merrily on:
"Just so," quoth the chief, but—"*Il faut de l'argent.*"
Nor can we the freaks of sly Edmund forget,
How he play'd and cajol'd with good father Fauchet;
How he rav'd, "My poor country is lost and undone!"
"Catch old birds," quoth the Abbe—"*Il faut de l'argent.*"
To *terrible France*, who pot-valiant is grown,
Three envoys were sent, and the sequel is known:
With seals and commissions their pockets were stor'd;
But the deuce of a *douceur* for great *Perigord.*
Point d'Argent! the business lagg'd heavily on;—
A douceur is wanting—"*Il faut de l'argent.*"

From the clouds of high life we descend to the vale;
There the truth of my ditty is prov'd *in detail*:—
Quacks, scribblers, and pedlars, re-echo my song,
And sigh, in sad chorus—"*Il faut de l'argent.*"
When yet a green stripling, by destiny hurl'd,
From the arms of my parent, to buffet the world,
The good man at parting his counsel thus gave:
"Be honest, my child—be industrious—be brave—
"But learn that no business with men can be done,
"Till the secret is bought of—"*Il faut de l'argent.*"
The strength of this lesson too early I try'd;
At the feet of my mistress I languish'd and sigh'd—
I swore that her beauty was more than divine.
She smil'd at my raving—confess'd it was fine;
But whisper'd, "Fair ladies can better be won
By a douceur, well tim'd; for "*Il faut de l'argent.*"
To the learn'd in the laws I for counsel repair'd;
I stated by case, which, in silence, he heard;
Then my case I re-stated, in language more plain,
And still, as he doubted, I told it again:

Each fact I narrated—he seem'd to forget,
And the only response was, a "*but*," or a "*yet!*"
Ah! then I remember'd, that nought can be done,
Till the secret is bought of—"*Il faut de l'argent.*"
E'en now, while I sing, the stern landlord draws nigh,
A bill in his hand, and a dun in his eye:
"Say, whence, and what art thou? vile spectre, be gone!
"Why still dost thou haunt me?—"*Il faut de l'argent.*"

IMPROMPTU:

On reading an Order of the Corporation of Albany ordering all the Dogs in the City to be killed.

'TIS done! the dreadful sentence is decreed!
The town is mad, and all the dogs must bleed!
Ah me! what boots it that the dogs are slain,
Since the whole race of *puppies* yet remain!

THE PURSE:

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

The author was journeying with a friend: for convenience they parted their money. When they parted they divided their money and their purse (which was of the double construction), each taking one half of it. When he understood his friend was a candidate for matrimony, he returned the half purse, with the following lines.

THIS purse, long sever'd from its mate,
The grateful muse returns to thee;
'Tis not oppress'd with golden weight,
Nor yet from cash entirely free.

This trifling sum, in prudent hands,
May raise, in time, a fair estate;
And, truth to say, its silken bands
Are well-constructed to dilate.

Adieu! fond purse; what though no more
You hold society with me,
May fortune bless thy master's store,
And cram thy sides with many a fee.

For well I ween the marriage state
Full oft thy succour must require,
With gen'rous food to heap the plate—
To crown the glass, and feed the fire.

The parson, sure, will ask his hire
For making *one* who once were *two*;
And eke, when seasons may require,
For sprinkling round the holy dew.

The licens'd quack, of solemn face,
Of want and pinching times shall tell;
And take a fee, devoid of grace,
For making sick what late was well.

The merchant next, with craving airs,
Hopes to receive his bill from you;
And, in sarcastic tone, declares,
"He will discharge the balance due."

The landlord, rough, ungen'rous wight,
Proclaims your *year* and *credit* spent;
Then swears, occasions press so tight,
"He must expect a higher rent."

The tailor, cloth-curtailing rogue,
His long-stretch'd bill will oft display:
The lingo-prating pedagogue
Shall greet thee ev'ry quarter-day.

The French *friseur* shall oft complain
Of thirst, of hunger, heat and cold;
And what would best relieve his pain,
I trust you never need be told.

The simp'ring milliner shall prate
Of caps, of stays and negligees:
Then bode, O! purse impending fate,
Whene'er she whispers, *if you please.*

The cobler, too, when hunger plies,
At madam's foot will lowly bend;
Admire its shape and handsome size,
And hopes that *you will prove his friend.*

Then honest John comes in to tell,
He longs to drink your worship's health,
And that, your honour knows full well,
Poor servants are not born to wealth.

Next Doll, with ill-affected blush,
Hints how she soon expects to wed;
That cash don't grow on every bush,
And that she late was brought to bed.

Then every *black* that dwells below
In sable order shall arise;
First beg they may a *Pinxt'ring** go,
Then hint the want of fresh supplies.

Now master Jack or Dick shall come,
And in discordant whine relate,
How the rude boys have broke his drum,
And stole away his other skate.

Start not, my friend, thy better half
Shall join to bear the burden down:
She screams, and tells you, in a laugh,
"*The sweetest China's come to town.*

"'Tis true, we should not run in debt;
"But such rare bargains must not pass:
"And Mrs. *Mayor* has bought a set,
"And so have all the better class.

* Whitsuntide, a holiday for servants and slaves.

" And O! my dear, I cannot bear
" To miss the *family of West;*
" The ablest connóisseurs declare,
" Of all engravings 'tis the best.

" Ten guineas only is the price;
" 'Twill do to pay the money soon:
" It is so elegant and nice
" To hang in parlour or saloon.

" A harpsichord, at price still lower,
" The auctioneer has now to sell;
" And *little Billey** always swore,
" My fingers mov'd divinely well.

" A humming-bird, of tender age,
" From India's groves has lately flown:
" 'Twill match the robin in the cage;
" And birds should never live alone."

* A teacher of music.

"Stop here," you cry, "O wretch profuse!"
Have patience, friend, I scarce begin:
Proceed, and tell, celestial Muse,
The charges of a *lying-in!*

The *accoucheur*, in gratitude,
Must be well paid for every boy;
And surely all would deem it rude,
You treat not such as wish you joy.

Rice and *panado*, many a pound;
Choice figs and raisins of the sun;
And cakes of every size and sound—
Pound cake, cook, woffal, cruller, bun:

Imperial, souchong, congo teas,
When gossips come to pay their court;
But bucks will not take up with these;
Be theirs *Madeira, Sherry, Port.*

Pins, too, in many a shining row;
Caps, bibs, and shoes of crimson skin;
Small ornaments of wond'rous show,
And robes to wrap the infant in.

A cradle to receive the child
When fortune sends a downy nap:
A pious nurse, of temper mild,
To hush its cries, and get the pap.

Get many a volume neatly bound,
And give the wanton bairn to rear;
Whistles of shrill unpleasing sound,
And coral sticks, the gums to wear.

And next——But stop, nor think to count
Unnumber'd cares, unnumber'd things:
First tell the stars, then the amount
Of the vast costs which wedlock brings.

O! who in this unfathom'd pit,
In sober sense, would dare to plunge;
Run the mad chance of duns and debts,
To rot in jail—to starve—to sponge.

Far better on his luckless throat
A millstone's pond'rous bulk were hung;
Far better, in unmanly note,
He to Italian ears had sung.

The SWEETS *of* MATRIMONY TRIUMPHANT; *or one* BACHELOR CONVERTED.

WHEN each fond hope had sunk in night,
A love-crost Bard, in dismal plight,
On sacred Wedlock wreak'd his spite
In many a piteous whine:

So *Reynard*, in a luckless hour,
Expell'd, by vintners, from the bower,
Archly exclaim'd, "*Your grapes are sour,*"
And spurn'd the cluster'd vine.

Ye wedded dames, of sapient age,
Whose minds maternal cares engage,
Oh! let this penitential page
Those sland'rous lays atone!
Long since I've join'd blithe Hymen's train,
And found so light his silken chain,
I doubt the axiom schools maintain,
That *two* are more than *one*.

I, whilom, was a weary wight,
(The shadow of *Don Quixote*'s sprite)
Who pin'd by day, and froze by night,
Apprentice to the rhyming trade:

Quaint madrigals and rueful songs,
Short epigrams, with forked prongs,
And whate'er else to verse belongs,
Of every price and size, I made.

Pegasus once, in antic sport,
Kick'd up, and hove me in the dirt;
Where long I lay, most sadly hurt,
And su'd th'unfeeling powers in vain;
When *Hymen* chanc'd to cross the way:
He rais'd me up, and deign'd to say—
"Since, madman like, you're prone to stray,
"I'll bind you with my magic chain."

Around my waist his chain he threw;
"Sir Bard," quoth he, "'tis late to rue,
"What heav'n has done man can't undo,
"So follow where I point the way:

" My counsel is, your books to close—
" Your rhyming stock on hand dispose
" For solid coin, or decent prose,
" And live beneath my gentle sway."

He led me to the blissful spot,
Where, since, I rear'd my humble cot—
Where, all ambitious cares forgot,
I live, in joyful bondage free.
Ye swains, whose lots were mark'd like mine,
Take courage hence, nor more repine—
Be just to Nature's first design—
" Espouse a wife, and follow *me!*"

SPEECH OF A DEMOCRATIC *LION.**

The *Lion* commenceth his Oration by asserting his independence, in reply to Mr. A——. He speaketh much of pedigree, and sheweth his own, negatively and positively. The *Lion* remarketh on the fondness of some gentlemen for forms and ceremonies—expresseth his dislike thereof; and, withall, concludeth his Oration by declaring his resolution to abide with the Sergeant at Arms while the House should wait on the President.

As still as mice the members sat,
Expecting royal fun, Sir;
The Speaker gently mov'd his hat,
And L*** thus begun, Sir:—

" I'm rugged Mat, the democrat,
" Berate me as you please, Sir;
" True Paddy Whack near turn'd his back,
" Or bow'd his head to Cæsar.
" *Horum, scorum, rendum, roarum,*
" *Spittam, spattam, squirto;*

* See Journals and Debates of Congress.

" *Tag, rag, derry, merry, raw head and blo*
" *bones,*
" *Sing langolee, nobody's hurt, O!*

" The Yankee crew long since I knew—
" At home I drill them daily;
" There's not a man of all their clan
" But knows my old shelalee.
" *Horum, scorum,* &c.

" These gentry spout of *ancient blood*—
" It reddens all their speeches:
" Zounds! Sir, my veins contain as good
" As theirs who hang'd the witches.*
" *Horum, scorum,* &c.

" 'Tis true my grandam never smirk'd
" And toy'd with the Protector;
" Nor did she spill the beer that work'd
" While folks were gone to lecture.
" *Horum, scorum,* &c.

* See History of Massachusetts.

" My dam, Sir, was a buxom lass,
" Her milk was rich and good, Sir;
" No cow that's fed on clover grass
" Can boast of purer blood, Sir.
" *Horum, scorum, &c.*

" My sire he was a strapping buck
" As ever girl sat eye on;
" What wonder then they had the luck
" To bring the world a LYON!
" *Horum, scorum, &c.*

" The blue skin'd lads are vastly fond
" Of 'lection, shows and raising;
" They love to strut, like geese from pond,
" And set the fools a gazing.
" *Horum, scorum, &c.*

" We Lions bold abominate
" To court the great and wealthy;

" I did it not in Vermont State—
" I sha'n't in Philadelphia.
" *Horum, scorum,* &c.

" Nor was I to this Congress sent
" To dress like coxcombs fine, Sir;
" To cringe before the President,
" And taste his cake and wine, Sir.
" *Horum, scorum,* &c.

" Go you who like such royal cheer,
" And stalk in long procession;
" I'll stay and eat my luncheon here,
" As at the extra session.
" *Horum, scorum, rendum, roarum,*
" *Spittam, spattam, squirto;*
" *Tag, rag, derry, merry, raw head and bloody bones,*
" *Sing langolee, nobody's hurt, O!*"

The SELFISH MAN'S PRAYER *on the* PROSPECT *of* WAR.

AGAIN the clouds of battle lour
With terror and dismay;
Protect me, all disposing power,
In this disastrous day!

As in the camp the soldiers learn
To riot, curse and swear,
'Twould give my pious soul concern
To have my boys go there!

Then while my neighbours and their sons
Are call'd to war and arms,
Grant that my boys, secure from guns,
May cultivate my farms!

And while with taxes and expense
My kindred are distress'd,
O grant that all my hard-earn'd pence
May slumber in the chest!

And should the Frenchmen gain the day,
And all their foes condemn;
Then may I wash my hands, and say
I ne'er opposed them!

Yet, if by thy disposing *will*,
My country gains the cause,
O may I find a shelter still
In her indulgent laws!

And should she disbelieve my word,
May I upon thee call
To witness I ne'er drew my sword,
Or fir'd a gun at all.

For since from frailty and mistake
No carnal mind is free,
I wish no active part to take,
But leave the whole to thee!

Though impious pirates on the seas
Our merchants' ships despoil;
Yet shall my spirit rest in ease
Till foes invade the soil.

Then let the fiends of battle rave,
My peaceful vales shall sing;
And oxen, corn, and all I have,
Full thrice their value bring.

O may my lands yield twenty-fold,
The army to supply;
May fat contractors, fraught with gold,
My copious harvests buy!

May continental rags no more
Usurp the place of coin;
But crown my basket and my store
With blessings from the mine.

What though the fig-tree shall not bloom,
Or oxen seek the stall;
What though it be thy righteous doom
That half our youth shall fall:

Yet if thou wilt thy servant bless,
And my posterity,
I'll joy in my own righteousness,
To perpetuity.

POETICAL ADDRESS *to the* CITIZEN ADET.

WHILE fate and adverse winds prolong your stay,
Ere yet you tempt the broad cerulean way,
Perhaps, *Adet*, all weightier cares resign'd,
A civic song may sooth your angry mind.—
With decent frankness, in determin'd tone,
To speak your country's language and your own;
To urge your claims with spirit, warmth and sense,
Became you well; nor gave us just offence.
When you, presuming on a herald's name,
Spurn'd those respects which sovereigns give and claim,
All laws of polish'd intercourse despis'd,
Laws e'en by hostile nations recognis'd;
Full in our face your country's terrors hurl'd,
And lour'd defiance to the western world;
Nor *he*, oh height of insolence refin'd!
His country's boast, the patriot of mankind,

Whose fame withstood the shock of wars unmov'd,
By foes acknowledged, and by heaven approv'd,
With which the world's remotest confines rung,
Escap'd the venom of your rancorous tongue.
When, bent on strife, and studious to embroil,
You lur'd the fickle crowd with trait'rous guile,
In Faction's cup a deadlier poison pour'd,
And Treason's half-exhausted strength restor'd;
Each patriot mind the daring insult felt,
And but your sacred mission screen'd your guilt.
Go to the Belgic boor, your threats proclaim,
Go bid Italia tremble at your name;
But dream not thus, vain legate, to appal
A freeborn race, whose sires were known to Gaul.
Can you forget, or have you ne'er been told,
For twice ten years thro' heaven have scarcely roll'd,
As yet our flag to Europe wav'd unknown,
Nor yet had CAPET deign'd our cause to own;
When nobly rous'd, their despots to oppose,
In untried arms our hardy peasants rose;

At that dread crisis, when, o'er Concord's plain,
Degenerate *Percy* march'd his veteran train,
Our sturdy swains his veteran train repell'd,
And urg'd them home, inglorious from the field?
Lo! Freedom, bending o'er her WARREN's tomb,
Points to his spirit flitting through the gloom;
For oft at eve he hovers round that height
Where next the Briton tried our arms in fight.
Thy life-warm tints, O *Trumbull*, best pourtray
The splendid horrors of that fatal day;
The noon-tide sun, half glimmering through the skies,
Where pitchy clouds, convolv'd with blaze, arise,
The sinking spire which crackling flames entwine,
The proud parade, the slow advancing line.
Thrice fled the Britons, to the main repell'd,
And thrice were forc'd, reluctant, to the field;
Nor theirs the chance to gain the blood-drench'd height
Till half their choicest warriors sunk in night.
Where, by Champlain's romantic banks are seen
The lost demesnes and mould'ring walls of *Skeene*,

Where marshes dank their noxious steams exhale,
The Woodland creek steals loitering through the vale
And tangled wilds immeasurably spread,
Reluctant open to the huntsman's tread;
There, such as Minstrel feign'd his chief of old,
With many a hardy knight and baron bold,
Through those drear wilds, in terrible array,
We saw the haughty *Burgoyne* urge his way:
Let yon bleak height, where gallant *Fraser* fell,
Let Saratoga's field the sequel tell.
If thus, Alcides like, our infant power
Crush'd the fell monster struggling to devour,
Shall we, at length to toils and arms inur'd,
Our numbers doubled, and our strength matur'd,
Our union firm, our empire known to fame,
Shrink from the terrors of the Gallic name?
Yet war we deprecate; too well we know
From that curst source what floods of sorrow flow.
Fast by the laurel wreath the cypress twines,
And the heart sickens while the victor shines:

Where now the hamlet smoulders in the dust,
New spires may rise more splendid than the first;
Exhausted wealth brisk commerce may restore,
The fosse may fill, the mound with grass grow o'er;
Where armies fought may yellow harvests wave,
And crops luxuriant hide the soldier's grave:
This time effects, nor boots it to complain,
Where time can mend, or industry regain.
But who shall pierce the cheerless realms of gloom,
And rouse the sleeping warrior from his tomb?
Who to the widow'd heart shall comfort speak,
And with fresh roses flush the faded cheek;
To the lorn maid her slaughter'd swain restore,
And bid th' unshelter'd orphan weep no more?
Let petty despots, whose proud realms would make
A nameless isle on broad Superior's lake,
By impious wars enlarge their strait domain,
And lavish lives some ruin'd town to gain.
Shall we, whose northern lines are trac'd in snow,
While Georgia pants beneath the solar glow,

Whose orient bourne Atlantic waters lave,
The sacred barrier cautious Nature gave,
Whose western realms untravers'd yet remain,
For isles and towns destructive wars maintain?
Long be it ours the bloodless arts to prize,
To court the soil, to bid rich harvests rise,
That where rude Nature sleeps in sylvan gloom,
The cultur'd rose may shed its rich perfume;
To bend the soil, to ply the lab'ring oar,
Where wealth allures, and commerce points the shore.
These are paternal arts—to these alone
Our temperate race in every age were prone;
Nor, till by stern necessity compell'd,
Have left the cultur'd for the martial field.
Sworn to no faction, wedded to no name,
Our interest peace, and opulence our aim,
We fraternize on Nature's liberal plan,
With all the wide-spread family of man:
On this broad base we've stood, on this remain,
And peace or war we meet as heaven ordain.

E'en Gallia's wiser policy must prize
Our peace; for this should Europe's prayers arise:
Tho' wars exhaust her strength, tho' factions rend,
Still in our peace her jarring interests blend;
While her brave millions throng the tented field,
The plough unhonour'd, and the glebe untill'd,
Famine! the grim concomitant of war,
With hideous yells pursues the victor's car;
Then to her wants our granaries wide expand,
And spread their bounty o'er the famish'd land.
When the great Sire, dividing shore from shore,
Pour'd Atlas forth, and bade his billows roar,
This was our charter, favour'd spot of earth!
Though last, not least distinguish'd in thy birth;
Peace be thy lot, by heaven's high will design'd
To love, to shelter, and to bless mankind!

Go then, *Adet*, may prosperous gales await,
And to assembled France these words relate:
Our arduous conflict clos'd, we saw, with pain,
Your gallant nation hug the feudal chain;

Saw your rich coffers emptied in an hour,
To glut the harpies of despotic power;
Saw the hard-earnings of the famish'd hind
Wrench'd from his hands, to pamper'd priests consign'd;
Saw your brave sons aspire to glorious shame,
And legions bleed to swell the Monarch's fame:
And much we joy'd when Reason's potent call
Awoke to life the energy of Gaul;
When young *Fayette*, a lov'd and injur'd name,
From Freedom's altar caught the hallow'd flame;
From breast to breast th' electric ardour ran,
And in full glare display'd the rights of man.
With rapt'rous joy we hail'd the kindred cause,
And join'd the thunder of the world's applause;
E'en when your chieftains aim'd at boundless sway,
When restless factions, eager for their prey,
Altars and thrones alike in ruin laid,
And dyed in CAPET's blood the ruthless blade;
When heaven, indignant at the crimes of France,
Gave the loose rein to discord, hell and chance.

Now smear'd with gore the thoughtless crowd was seen
In frantic chorus round the guillotine;
Now led by *David*, nature they adore,
Their altars fuming to *D'Herbois'* whore.*
When madness urg'd your councils to decree
That foreign shores must nurse your idol tree;
When, like a torrent, raging unconfin'd,
Your wild croisaders rush'd upon mankind,
And snow-clad Alps, affrighted, saw again
New Goths and Vandals waste th' Hesperian plain;
E'en midst this wreck, this anarchy of crimes,
Our partial memory clung to former times;
When our joint legions, varying but in name,
Together trod the arduous path to fame:
Nor cease our prayers th' Eternal to implore,
That peace may cheer your vine-clad hills once more;
That all those acts which render nations blest,
Which polish man, and give to life its zest,

* Collot D'Herbois' mistress represented the Goddess of Liberty in a procession at Paris.

With Freedom foremost in the sacred choir,
May sport perennial on the banks of Loire;
And while your legate's vauntings we despise,
We know your worth, your amity we prize:
Still midst convolving clouds and storms we see
A mighty nation struggling to be free;
Freedom we love, and patriots we revere,
But yet must learn terrific France to fear!

VERSES

WRITTEN A SHORT TIME AFTER THE POPE FLED FROM ROME, AND THE CITY FELL INTO THE POSSESSION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

THE great, the long expected day is come,
Big with the fate of tyranny and Rome;
Wasted, unnerv'd, engangren'd to the core,
Without a groan expires th' empurpled whore,
Whose impious pride usurp'd the rights of God,
Whose haughty foot on fawning monarchs trod;
Whose cup, which more than Circean ills contain'd,
To the black dregs besotted nations drain'd;
Whose torch wide glaring through the mental shade,
Show'd Carnage where to aim the murd'rous blade;
Whose policy, on superstition built,
Put heaven to sale, and merchandis'd with guilt:

Ign'rance and zeal in sacred league combin'd,
Fought on her side, and led in chains the mind;
Who once—but nought the splendor past avails,
Each boasted art the dying sorceress fails;
In vain her Babylonian charms she tries,
Where Reason triumphs, Superstition flies;
Rome sinks in night as Babel sunk before,
Lost is her name, her place is found no more.
Rejoice, ye nations whom her arms subdued,
Whose fields her phrenzy dyed with guiltless blood:
That guiltless blood to heaven no longer cries
Unheard—avenging justice leaves the skies;
On Rome's devoted head the bolt descends;
The proud oppressor's long dominion ends.
Spirits of martyrs pure! if aught ye know,
In the bright realms of bliss, of things below,
Join the glad hymn of triumph, ye who stood
Firm for the faith, and seal'd it with your blood.
No more shall Rome disturb the world's repose,
Quench'd is her torch, and blood no longer flows;

Crush'd is the fell destroyer in her turn,
And the freed world insults her hated urn.
O Truth divine! thou choicest gift of God!
Man's guide and solace in this drear abode!
Plain was thy garb, and lovely was thy mien,
When usher'd by the spotless *Nazarene:*
From shouting crowds and pageantry he fled
To the lone desert or the pauper's shed;
There taught his humble followers to despise
All that the proud affect, or worldlings prize;
Freely he gave to man's repentant race
The peerless treasures of his sovereign grace;
Yet bade no fires descend, no thunders roll,
To force his bounty on the wayward soul.
Join then, celestial Truth, the glad acclaim;
Crush'd is the proud usurper of thy name,
Who first with blood thy snow-white robes distain'd,
And with vain pomp thy holy rites profan'd.

EXTEMPORARY REFLECTIONS

ON SEEING A BULL SLAIN IN THE COUNTRY.

THE sottish clown who never knew a charm
Beyond the prowess of his nervous arm,
Proud of his might, with self-importance full,
Or climbs the spire, or fights the mad'ning bull;
The love of praise, impatient of controul,
O'erflows the scanty limits of his soul;
In uncouth jargon, turbulently loud,
He bawls his triumphs to the wond'ring crowd:
This well-strung arm dispens'd the deadly blow,
Fell'd the proud bull and sunk his glories low:
Not thoughts more tow'ring fill'd *Pelides'* breast,
When thus to Greece his haughty vaunts express'd:
"I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
"And six lay smoking on the Trojan plain;

"Thus full and fervid throb'd the pulse of pride,
"When *veni, vidi, vici*, CÆSAR cried."
Each vain alike, and differing but in names,
These poets flatter—those the mob acclaims;
Impartial Death soon stops the proud career,
And bids *Legendre* rot with *Dumourier*.
The God whose sovereign care o'er all extends,
Sees whence their madness springs, and where it ends;
From his blest height, with just contempt, looks down
On thund'ring heroes and the swaggering clown:
But if our erring reason may presume
The future to divine, more mild his doom
Whose pride was wreck'd on vanquish'd brutes alone,
Than his whose conquests made whole nations groan.
Can Ganges' sacred wave, or Lethe's flood,
Wash clear the garments smear'd with civic blood?
What hand from heaven's dread register shall tear
The page where, stamp'd in blood, the conqueror's crimes appear?

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON LETTER WRITING.

MOST people in writing this method pursue,
I'm in good health, thank heav'n; how is it with you?
Then of weddings and funerals they make a black scroll,
And conclude with much love to their cousins and all.
Such letters as these little pleasure convey,
Which prove that the writers have nothing to say,
So 'twould seem by their writing—yet many there be
Whose words are well chosen, whose language is free,
Who can talk half a day in an elegant strain,
But whatever they write seems confin'd with a chain.
Since letters well written give exquisite pleasure,
But mangled, as usual, offend beyond measure;
Since daily occasion compels us to write,
Read these lines, my dear *Clara*, and learn to indite.

re is then the great secret, to this you'll attend,
rite in just the same manner you'd speak to your
friend;
oid all hard words and bombastical strain,
your style be but chaste, it can scarce be too plain.
any persons who've got a slight tincture of know-
ledge,
ung boarding-school misses, and students from
college,
high sounding nonsense endeavour to please,
id talk of their bright and their gloomy ideas:
void all this stiffness, this troublesome toil,
id write to your friends in your every day style.
here are others who run on the opposite stump,
id affect so much ease, they write hop, skip and
jump:
one line a sad death puts in mourning the town,
the next cousin *Sue* has a new-fashion'd gown.
his fault may be cured by a moment's reflection,
or letters, though free, yet require some connection;

And who, but a madman, in one fleeting breath,
Talks of funerals and weddings, and fashions and death?
I've known many persons who write very well,
Commit shocking blunders in attempting to spell:
To avoid this disgrace, a small *Entick* provide,
And whenever you write let it lay by your side;
As you happen to doubt, to the word you must turn,
And, spelling, you thus without trouble may learn.
In using great letters, remember that names,
Of places and persons, as *Boston* and *James*,
I and O, when singly a word they compose,
Have capital letters, in metre and prose;
So each chapter and section, and every new line
In verse, as you'll see by this letter of mine.
Be sure to write straight, 'tis the mark of a clown
To suffer his lines to run up hill and down:
Rule your lines, as you write, with a pencil of lead,
And when done rub them out with a morsel of bread;
Always write by a margin, I never could bear
To see lines, like militia, stand hither and there.

If you make a mistake, as is often the case,
Blot not with the pen, let the penknife erase;
Rub next with the handle the paper quite plain,
And then you may write the word over again.
To wonderful hurry some ladies pretend,
They're always in haste, when they write to a friend;
All their letters conclude with complaining so sad,
Excuse haste, for my pen, ink, and paper are bad:
Such flimsey excuses but heighten the crime,
The busiest, if prudent, can always find time.
On business, when urgent, you may write in haste,
Otherwise you should stay till the hurry be past.
Neither paper nor ink, thank kind fortune, are dear,
And pens scarcely cost us one six-pence a year.
Since then 'tis so easy to keep a good store,
Why of pens, ink, and paper eternally poor?
Receive these directions, dear girl, in good part,
Read them o'er with attention, commit them to heart;
From numbers though artless, some good may accrue,
So with my best wishes, dear *Clara*, adieu.

LINES

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO AN HIEROGLYPHICAL LETTER FROM A LADY.

DEAR Madam, your letter I'll try to explain,
An altar, a cradle, a moon in the wane;
And next a poor cuckold the paper adorns,
With ears of an ass, and two terrible horns;
A phaeton gay as the President's coach,
A mirror, a crown, and a gouty man's crutch;
These emblems masonic your pages contain,
To decypher their meaning has puzzled my brain:
The altar, I trust, is to Hymen erected,
A power by all good wedded people respected;
He gives to his suppliants, when pleas'd with their prayer,
A cradle, and crowns all their vows with an heir;

From which you this doctrine endeavour to prove,
That the friends of the cradle pay homage to love.
The dim waning moon is a moral profound,
It says nothing stable in pleasure is found;
Then e'en love once full orb'd may decrease to esteem,
Grow pale as the moon, and grow cold as her beam;
That he who permits his affection to flag,
When grown cold as the moon must be crown'd like
the stag.
What the crutches betoken admits of no doubt,
That vice and intemperance 'gender the gout;
That death must soon follow unless I amend,
You whisper this truth, and you act like a friend;
For the mirror you hand me reflects but too true
The marks of old age and intemperance too.
The phaeton next our attention must claim,
It reminds me of him whence we borrow the name;
He, thinking to guide the proud steeds of the sun,
Was dash'd from his car, and forever undone;

Who, wanting true merit, aspires to be great,
Must tumble and meet with a *Phaeton*'s fate.
Good sense and discretion should limit desire,
For danger increases as people mount higher;
And its better to live with mere mortals below,
Than hurl'd from the skies to be drown'd in the *Po*.
The last of your emblems I think is a crown;
And its meaning is not quite so obvious I own;
Perhaps it intends what the wise man allows,
That a virtuous wife is a crown to her spouse.
Though I trust this eulogium to many is due,
I am sure none more justly deserve it than you.

IMPROMPTU:

WRITTEN IN A ROOM AT A SMALL COUNTRY INN WHICH HAD ONCE BEEN THE RESIDENCE OF A LADY OF THE AUTHOR'S ACQUAINTANCE.

IN this low mansion, where th' unpainted sign
Invites the weary traveller to rest;
Where village hinds in noisy chorus join,
Drone the long tale, and break the thread-bare jest;

Some years ago a fair, whom heaven design'd
For brighter prospects and a milder fate,
Dead to the world, in mute despondence pin'd
In the rough arms of an unfeeling mate.

She was the floweret drooping o'er the rill,
Whose trembling lips imbibe the morning dew;
He was the hemlock bristling on the hill,
Rough at the first, and rough'ning as he grew.

As well she knew 'twas fruitless to bewail
Her vanish'd joys and destiny severe;
She told to none her sympathetic tale,
And check'd, with proud reserve, the rising tear.

If led by instinct, to her husband's ear,
In some soft hour, she ventur'd to complain,
He whistled, yawn'd, and rais'd th' unmeaning stare,
Then turn'd and dosed the live long night again.

Yet this dull mansion's cloister'd gloom to cheer,
Her happier friends oft held the social round,
The sprightly *Bertice* shed a radiance here,
And *Tredwell* chang'd the spot to classic ground.

Here oft the village Bard, and one full droll
We had, a mixture strange of law and rhime,
With his fair shepherdess was wont to stroll,
And kill in harmless chat the tedious time.

IMPROMPTU.

The Author went one day to a country neighbour's to borrow a couple of books. He was surprised at finding the Minister of the parish (a Scotch Seceder) and his Deacons assembled at the house, on church business. On his return he described their appearance and conduct, and his own embarrassment, in the following extemporaneous lines.

I KNOCK'D, I heard a low and bustling sound,
Which seem'd to say, "Thou tread'st on hallow'd ground;"
Anon a man of visage sad and thin,
The unwilling door slow opening, let me in:
There I beheld six reverend saints, who sat
Around the board in stern religious state;
A seven-fold gloom enveloped every face,
And Death's grim horrors shaded all the place.
What could I do? 'twere base to run away,
And 'twere profane with holy men to stay.

I strove to go, my feet refused their aid;
I strove to speak, my faltering voice betray'd:
Trembling, at length I approach'd the good old man,
And, bowing low, in whispers thus began—
"Lend me two bottles, Sir, I ask no more."
"Take them," he cried, and pointed to the door.

CONGRESS DUELISTS:

A NEW SONG, TO THE TUNE OF YANKEE DOODLE.

In a Letter from *Jotham* to *Jonathan*.

OUR Congress men, some winters back,
Were master '*cute* at writing;
But now they are a deuced pack,
Whom nothing serves but fighting.
Yankee doodle be a man,
Manhood is the dandy;
Keep old rifle cock'd and prim'd,
And then you'll have it handy.

I'd dare be bound in twenty pound,
Though now it's cents and dollars,
That I or you more good could do
Than such blood-thirsty scholars.
Yankee doodle, &c.

If every day some private fray
Cost six long hours oration,
The plague is in't, stamp act and mint
Won't half support our nation.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Sure two pounds eight are wages great
For folks to sit and rule us;
But if they fight, and challenge write,
Why, *Jonathan*, they fool us.
Yankee doodle, &c.

There comes a day, our Parsons say,
When these things shall be righted;

Though now the great can fight in state,
While poor men are indicted.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Great General *Gun* the sport begun,
His spunk was hot and scalding;
Or wrong or right, he swore he'd fight
A bout with Parson *Baldwin*.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Parson he could not agree
That killing folks was fun, Sir;
Refused to stir, said, "Pistol, Sir,
"Is no match for a Gun, Sir."
Yankee doodle, &c.

Next Colonel *Blount* did take affront
At 'Squire *Thatcher*'s joking;
He waxed hot, and talk'd of shot
In language most provoking.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The 'Squire said, "Cold steel and lead
"May give some people pleasure;
"We *Boston* folks are fond of jokes,
"But choose to die at leisure."
Yankee doodle, &c.

Our General, who owns *Whitehall*,
Though not a man of passion,
The other day, as people say,
Adopted Congress fashion.
Yankee doodle, &c.

A deal is said of running lead,
And something smells like powder;
But deuce a bit the truth we get
Till Fame shall whisper louder.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Perhaps the talk of bloody work
Deserves but little credit;

Rogues will devise a heap of lies,
And fools are fond to spread it.
Yankee doodle, &c.

'Tis true, the sport, like pipe-stem short,
Broke off right in the middle;
How't's come about, or who cow'd out,
Let wiser heads unriddle.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Our Colonel is very well,
Our General is healthy,
Unless the fright of this sad fight
Has reach'd to Philadelphia.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Our fathers, who were heroes true,
Made up of *Bunker* metal,
Said men of sense a small offence
O'er mug of flip must settle.
Yankee doodle, &c.

But if so high the injury
Must needs kick up a dust, Sir,
They'd slip a rear, with, "Friend, look here,
"Kiss this, and do your worst, Sir."
Yankee doodle, &c.

Then hardest fend, you may depend,
They took it rough and tumble,
And he who run, or thrice was flung,
Was 'blig'd by law to humble.
Yankee doodle be a man,
Manhood is the dandy;
Keep old rifle cock'd and prim'd,
And then you'll have it handy.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR WYLLYS,

Of the Federal Troops, who fell in an engagement with the Savages at the River St. Joseph, in the Western Territory of the United States.

WHERE the sack'd hamlet darts expiring gleams,
Through smould'ring clouds; and thy encrimson'd streams,
Wabash! slow rolling to the western bourne,
Thy slaughter'd sons in sullen murmurs mourn;
There, if e'er chance the traveller shall lead,
The blood drench'd shore with rev'rence let him tread,
And mark the spot where oft at eve unseen
The weeping Genii plant the laurel green,
And Fancy bids her choicest flowrets rise
To deck the lonely grave where WYLLYS lies.
If polish'd manners, undisguised by art,
The tenderest feelings, and the firmest heart,

Where lavish heav'n united every grace
To the mild virtues of the WYLLYS race:
If worth, long tried, distinguish'd and approv'd,
Could move the tyrant Death, or e'er had mov'd,
Thy valued life had known a longer date,
Nor savage yells announe'd thy hapless fate.

A Bard, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
Whose idle lyre has long remain'd unstrung,
Who lov'd thee living, and regrets thee dead,
Pays this last tribute to thy gentle shade.
Th' historic Muse, in more exalted verse,
May thus to future times thy fate rehearse:
From *England*'s gentlest blood, an honour'd name,
In virtues, arts and arms long known to fame,
He sprung: where *Hartford* crowns, with spiry pride,
Her gay romantic banks and crystal tide,
His infant sports and happier hours were led,
Till *Yale*'s fair laurels grac'd his youthful head.
What time the *Briton*, to our guiltless shore,
In proud array, his thund'ring legions bore;

When erst *Columbia*'s starry flag unfurl'd,
Show'd a new eagle to the wond'ring world,
The gallant youth appear'd at Freedom's shrine,
Drew his yet unstained sword, and join'd the embattled line:
There in long toils, and dangers tried, he won
Th' approving smiles of god-like WASHINGTON!
With tarnish'd arms the *Britons* sought the main,
And heav'n-born Peace resum'd her golden reign.
The patriot bands, reliev'd from martial toil,
Return and court the long-neglected soil:
Severer cares *his* warrior arms engage,
To guard the western realm, and quell barbarian rage;
And lo! on wild *Miami*'s dusky plain,
O'er slaughter'd heaps, he leads his victor train;
There, as the foe in trembling haste retires,
In Glory's arms the gallant chief expires.
Columbians rise! no more inactive lie,
Your slaughter'd friends for speedy vengeance cry:

Their mangled corses, and yet teeming blood,
Their groans yet echoing in the western wood;
The matron's piercing shriek, the infant's cries,
And yon brown cloud slow rising to the skies,
Call to revenge—to arms! to arms repair!
Urge home the ruthless brood, and wage eternal war,
On those curst miscreants, whom no faith can bind,
The scourge of *God!* the terror of mankind!
Then let the vengeful bolts of war be hurl'd,
And with black myriads crowd th' infernal world!

1GOBA

MODERN ARGUMENTATION.*

'TWAS at *commencement* tide, so goes the tale,
At *Harvard, Dartmouth, Princeton, King's*, or *Yale*,
A candidate for Learning's prime degree
Propos'd this question to the faculty:
" This horse will always from a tan-yard fly,
" While that, unmov'd, a tan-yard passes by;
" Which is the wiser horse, say, learned Sirs,
" The one that starts, or he that never stirs?"
The question thus proposed and understood,
Pro more solito, debate ensued.
Eash side with warmth defended or oppos'd,
When the learn'd *Præses* thus the reas'ning clos'd:
" Much has been spoken, much may yet be said,
" Enough to puzzle many a wiser head;

* Written, *extempore*, with a pencil, while the author was riding with a friend, whose horse started on passing a tan-yard.

" But when the force of argument is tried,
" When the sage question's view'd on every side,
" We then may prove what the old sophists tell,
" That truth lies buried in a baseless well.
" The starting advocates this truth premise,
" That of all excellence below the skies,
" Man is the standard; hence, whene'er we find,
" In beasts or birds strong semblance to mankind,
" We count it worth, and are well pleased to see
" In instinct ought that apes humanity.
" *E contra*, where this semblance least is found,
" We rate the brute at nought, and spurn him from the ground.
" *Exempli gratia*, who, since time began,
" E'er hurt the bird that builds her nest with man?
" If Mrs. *Airy*, though involv'd in debt,
" Paid ten bright dollars for a paroquet,
" And for a monkey six, the cause we know;
" This talk'd, that flutter'd like her fav'rite beau.
" Yet the same lady loath'd the serpent's form,
" And call'd for hartshorn if she saw a worm.

" Now to apply this reas'ning to our case;
" We deem him worthiest of the human race,
" Who, at the mention of atrocious deeds,
" Starts back with horror, and with pity bleeds.
" But the vile miscreant whose supreme delight
" Is plac'd in havoc and in scenes of fight,
" Who rudely revels in the house of woe,
" We hate, and blush that man can sink so low.
" Why starts the steed whene'er a tan-yard's spied,
" But that he sees a brother's reeking hide?
" Here then, they say, a strong resemblance lies,
" *Ergo*, the horse that starts is *quasi* wise.
" They who approve this reasoning say 'tis plain,
" That fellow-feeling marks the polish'd man.
" What then? 'cause polish'd man may write and dance
" Must fishes, beasts, birds, insects, rhyme and prance?
" Who dares affirm thus much will hardly miss
" To say that hogs and bears should bow and kiss:
" To every grade of being in its kind,
" The sapient former certain ends assign'd:

" Who best subserves this end doth most excel,
" Who deviates from this end can ne'er do well.
" Alike to man and horse this rule extends,
" The means must be subservient to the ends.
" What's the chief end of horse? his lord to please,
" To bear his weight with *safety*, *speed* and *ease*;
" 'Tis not to start, to heave, to weep, to whine,
" In notes distracted, Methodist, like thine.
" Can he be said with *safety* to convey
" His lord, who starts and stumbles by the way?
" Doth he with *speed* transport his master's weight,
" Who stops to start at every tanner's gate?
" And, lastly, where's the ease? at every breath
" The rider fears the horse will prove his death;
" 'Tis plain, the starter deviates from all rule
" Of right, and when he deviates is a fool."
Thus, sophists, have your arguments been plied,
What now remains but that we should decide?
On *due consideration*, then, we say,
" He is the *wiser* horse who fearless speeds his way."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Written at Schenectady.

COME see what beauties o'er our fields are spread,
What sturdy herds our verdant pastures tread;
O'er our wide plains what stately cedars rise,
Whose cloud-top'd heads support the bending skies:
Here every grove with vocal music rings,
Here every breeze wafts health upon its wings.
Come see what sports delight our tawny swains,
Join their wild dance and hear their rustic strains:
For though untutor'd by the Latian Muse,
Convivial lays and homely verse they choose,
Yet nought can shock a vestal's purer ear,
And list'ning saints the harmless song might hear:
Rough are our manners; yet, must you confess,
That, flattering no one, we deceive the less.

As yet no cringing parasite from *France*
Has taught our sons to lie, or nymphs to dance;
No hungry wretch here looks about for prey,
Eager to seize, and practis'd to betray.
Though, as you pass along the crowd, you'll hear
A foreign tongue, ungrateful to the ear;
For sure the Dutch, rough, masculine and strong,
Boasts not the sweetness of our native song;
Yet while this hardy race you see and hear,
Expanding memory grasps no mean idea.
Think how their sires, industrious, firm and brave,
Extorted *Belgium* from the struggling wave;
How, when vast mounds the new gain'd land secur'd,
Proud cities rose where once a navy moor'd:
Think how their bands, all prodigal of blood,
At Freedom's call the tyrant's rage withstood;
Hispanian legions darken'd all the plain,
And *Philip* hurl'd the bolts of war in vain:
By *Nassau* led, and fired by Virtue's flame,
The conquering *Belgæ* reach'd the height of fame.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Written at Schenectady.

COME see what beauties o'er our fields are spread,
What sturdy herds our verdant pastures tread;
O'er our wide plains what stately cedars rise,
Whose cloud-top'd heads support the bending skies:
Here every grove with vocal music rings,
Here every breeze wafts health upon its wings.
Come see what sports delight our tawny swains,
Join their wild dance and hear their rustic strains:
For though untutor'd by the Latian Muse,
Convivial lays and homely verse they choose,
Yet nought can shock a vestal's purer ear,
And list'ning saints the harmless song might hear:
Rough are our manners; yet, must you confess,
That, flattering no one, we deceive the less.

For here *Albania*'s gothic towers are spread,
There infant *Hudson* rears her rival head;
Here, where the streams uniting greet the *Sound*,
Proud *York* appears with airy turrets crown'd.
Mark! from the west, how in romantic maze,
By groves and flowery lawns the *Mohawk* strays;
Gently in silent modesty she flows,
And scarce a breeze disturbs the sweet repose;
Not clearer waves by *Hartford's ville* are seen,
Nor tread her blooming nymphs a softer green;
Till where abrupt infuriate *Cohoes* roars,
Down the vast rock his thundering torrent pours,
Mad on himself the thunders roll again,
Shake the dark grove and deafen all the plain.

ON CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

OF crimes, empoison'd source of human woes,
Whence the black flood of shame and sorrow flows,
How best to check the venom's deadly force,
To stem its torrent, or direct its course,
To scan the merits of vindictive codes,
Nor pass the faults humanity explodes,
I sing—what theme more worthy to engage
The poet's song, the wisdom of the sage?
Ah! were I equal to the great design,
Were thy bold genius, blest *Beccaria!* mine,
Then should my work, ennobled as my aim,
Like thine, receive the meed of deathless fame.
O *Jay!* deserving of a purer age,
Pride of thy country, statesman, patriot, sage,
Beneath whose guardian care our laws assume
A milder form, and lose their gothic gloom,

Read with indulgent eyes, nor yet refuse
This humble tribute of an artless Muse.

Great is the question which the learn'd contest,
What grade, what mode of punishment is best;
In two fam'd sects the disputants decide;
These rang'd on Terror's, those on Reason's side;
Ancient as empire Terror's temple stood,
Capt with black clouds, and founded deep in blood;
Grim despots here their trembling honours paid,
And guilty offerings to their idol made:
The monarch led—a servile crowd ensued,
Their robes distain'd in gore, in gore embrued;
O'er mangled limbs they held infernal feast,
Moloch the god, and *Draco*'s self the priest.
Mild Reason's fane in later ages rear'd,
With sun-beams crown'd, in attic grace appear'd;
In just proportion finish'd every part,
With the fine touches of enlighten'd art.
A thinking few, selected from the crowd,
At the fair shrine with filial rev'rence bow'd;

The sage of *Milan* led the virtuous choir,
To them sublime he strung the tuneful lyre:
Of laws, of crimes, and punishments he sung,
And on his glowing lips persuasion hung:
From Reason's source each inf'rence just he drew,
While truths fresh polish'd struck the mind as new:
Full in the front, in vestal robes array'd,
The holy form of Justice stood display'd:
Firm was her eye, not vengeful, though severe,
And e'er she frown'd she check'd the starting tear.
A sister form, of more benignant face,
Celestial Mercy, held the second place;
Her hands outspread, in suppliant guise she stood,
And oft with eloquence resistless sued;
But where 'twas impious e'en to deprecate,
She sigh'd assent, and wept the wretch's fate.

In savage times, fair Freedom yet unknown,
The despot, clad in vengeance, fill'd the throne;
His gloomy caprice scrawl'd the ambiguous code,
And dyed each page in characters of blood:

The laws transgress'd, the prince in judgment sat,
And Rage decided on the culprit's fate:
Nor stop'd he here, but skill'd in murd'rous art,
The scepter'd brute usurp'd the hangman's part;
With his own hands the trembling victim hew'd,
And basely wallow'd in a subject's blood.
Pleas'd with the fatal game, the royal mind
On modes of death and cruelty refin'd:
Hence the dank caverns of the cheerless mine,
Where, shut from light, the famish'd wretches pine;
The face divine in seams unsightly scar'd,
The eye-balls goug'd, the wheel with gore besmear'd,
The *Russian* knout, the suffocating flame,
And forms of torture wanting yet a name.
Nor was this rage to savage times confin'd,
It reach'd to later years and courts refin'd.
Blush, polish'd *France*, nor let the Muse relate
The tragic story of your *Damien*'s fate;
The bed of steel, where long the assassin lay,
In the dark vault, secluded from the day;

The quiv'ring flesh which burning pincers tore,
The pitch, pour'd flaming in the recent sore;
His carcase, warm with life, convuls'd with pain,
By steeds dismember'd, drag'd along the plain.
As daring quacks, unskill'd in medic lore,
Prescrib'd the nostrums quacks prescrib'd before;
Careless of age or sex, whate'er befal,
The same dull recipe must serve for all:
Our Senates thus, with reverence be it said,
Have been too long by blind tradition led:
Our civil code, from feudal dross refin'd,
Proclaims the liberal and enlighten'd mind;
But till of late the penal statutes stood
In gothic rudeness, smear'd with civic blood;
What base memorials of a barb'rous age,
What monkish whimsies sullied every page!
The Clergy's benefit, a trifling brand,
Jest of the law, a holy sleight of hand:
Beneath this saintly cloak what crimes abhor'd,
Of sable dye, were shelter'd from the Lord;

While the poor starveling, who a cent purloin'd,
No *reading* sav'd, no juggling trick *essoin'd;*
His was the servile lash, a foul disgrace,
Through time transmitted to his hapless race;
The *fort* and *dure*, the traitor's motley doom,
Might blot the story of imperial *Rome*.
What late disgrac'd our laws yet stand to stain
The splendid annals of a *George*'s reign.
Say, legislators, for what end design'd
This waste of lives, this havock of mankind?
Say, by what right (one case exempt alone),
Do ye prescribe that blood can crimes atone?
If when our fortunes frown, and dangers press,
To act the *Roman*'s part be to transgress;
For man the *use* of life alone commands,
The *fee* residing in the *grantor*'s hands.
Could man, what time the social pact he seal'd,
Cede to the state a right he never held?
For all the powers which in the state reside,
Result from compact, actual or implied.

Too well the savage policy we trace
To times remote, Humanity's disgrace;
E'en while I ask the trite response recurs,
Example warns, severity deters.
No milder means can keep the vile in awe,
And state necessity compels the law.
But let Experience speak, she claims our trust;
The *data* false, the inf'rence is unjust.
Ills at a distance men but slightly fear;
Delusive fancy never thinks them near:
With stronger force than fear temptations draw,
And Cunning thinks to parry with the law.
My brother swung, poor novice in his art,
He blindly stumbled on a hangman's cart;
But wiser I, assuming every shape,
As *Proteus* erst, am certain to escape.
The knave, thus jeering, on his skill relies,
For never villain deem'd himself unwise.
When earth convulsive heav'd, and, yawning wide,
Engulph'd in night fair *Lisbon*'s spiry pride,

At that dread hour of ruin and dismay,
'Tis famed the *harden'd* felon prowl'd for prey;
Nor tumbling earth, nor thunders could restrain
His daring feet, which trod the sinking fane;
Whence, while the fabric to its basis shook,
By impious stealth the hallow'd vase he took.
What time the gaping vulgar throngs to see
Some wretch expire on *Tyburn*'s fatal tree;
Fast by the crowd the luckier villain clings,
And pilfers while the hapless culprit swings.
If then the knave can view, with careless eyes,
The bolt of vengeance darting from the skies,
If Death, with all the pomp of Justice join'd,
Scarce strikes a panic in the guilty mind,
What can we hope, though every penal code,
As *Draco*'s once, were stamp'd in civic blood?
The blinded wretch, whose mind is bent on ills,
Would laugh at threats, and sport with halters still;
Temptations gain more vigour as they throng,
Crime fosters crime, and wrong engenders wrong;

The quiv'ring flesh which burning pincers tore,
The pitch, pour'd flaming in the recent sore;
His carcase, warm with life, convuls'd with pain,
By steeds dismember'd, drag'd along the plain.

As daring quacks, unskill'd in medic lore,
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If Death, with all the pomp of Justice join'd,
Scarce strikes a panic in the guilty mind,
What can we hope, though every penal code,
As *Draco*'s once, were stamp'd in civic blood?
The blinded wretch, whose mind is bent on ill,
Would laugh at threats, and sport with halters still;
Temptations gain more vigour as they throng,
Crime fosters crime, and wrong engenders wrong;

Fondly he hopes the threaten'd fate to shun,
Nor sees his fatal error till undone.
Wise is the law, and godlike is its aim,
Which frowns to mend, and chastens to reclaim,
Which seeks the storms of passion to controul,
And wake the latent virtues of the soul;
For all, perhaps, the vilest of our race,
Bear in their breast some smother'd sparks of grace;
Nor vain the hope, nor mad th' attempt to raise
Those smother'd sparks to Virtue's purer blaze.
When on the cross accurs'd, the robber writh'd,
The parting prayer of penitence he breath'd;
Cheer'd by the Saviour's smile, to grace restor'd,
He died distinguish'd with his suffering Lord.
As seeds long steril in a poisonous soil,
If nurs'd by culture and assiduous toil,
May wake to life and vegetative power,
Protrude the germ and yield a fragrant flower:
E'en thus may man, rapacious and unjust,
The slave of sin, the prey of lawless lust,

In the drear prison's gloomy round confin'd,
To awful solitude and toil consign'd;
Debarr'd from social intercourse, nor less
From the vain world's seductions and caress,
With late and trembling steps he measures back
Life's narrow road, a long abandon'd track;
By Conscience rous'd, and left to keen Remorse,
The mind at length acquires its pristine force:
Then pard'ning Mercy, with cherubic smile,
Dispels the gloom, and smooths the brow of Toil,
Till friendly Death, full oft implor'd in vain,
Shall burst the pond'rous bar and loose the chain;
Fraught with fresh life, an offering meet for God,
The rescued spirit leaves the dread abode.

Nor yet can laws, though *Solon*'s self should frame,
Each shade of guilt discriminate and name;
For Senates well their sacred trust fulfil,
Who general cures provide for general ill.
Much must by his direction be supplied,
In whom the laws the pard'ning power confide;

He best can measure every varying grade
Of guilt, and mark the bounds of light and shade;
Weigh each essoign, each incident review,
And yield to Mercy where she claims her due:
And wise it were so to extend his trust,
With power to mitigate—when 'twere unjust
Full amnesty to give—for though so dear
The name of Mercy to a mortal's ear,
Yet should the chief, to human weakness steel'd,
Rarely indeed to suits for pardon yield;
For neither laws nor pardons can efface
The sense of guilt and memory of disgrace.
Say, can the man whom Justice doom'd to shame,
With front erect his country's honours claim?
Can he with cheek unblushing join the crowd,
Claim equal rights, and have his claim allow'd?
What though he mourn, a penitent sincere,
Though every dawn be usher'd with a tear,
The world, more prone to censure than forgive,
Quick to suspect, and tardy to believe,

Will still the hapless penitent despise,
And watch his conduct with invidious eyes:
But the chief end of justice once atchiev'd,
The public weal secur'd, a soul repriev'd,
'Twere wise in laws, 'twere generous to provide
Some place where blushing penitence might hide;
Yes, 'twere humane, 'twere godlike to protect
Returning virtue from the world's neglect,
And taunting scorn, which pierce with keener pains,
The feeling mind, than dungeons, racks and chains:
Enlarge their bounds—admit a purer air,
Dismiss the servile badge and scanty fare;
The stint of labour lessen or suspend,
Admit at times the sympathising friend.

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Repentance courts the shade; alone she roves
By ruin'd towers and night-embrowning groves;

Or midst dark vaults, by Melancholy led,
She holds ideal converse with the dead:
Lost to the world and each profaner joy,
Her solace tears, and prayer her best employ.
So in the gloomy rounds of *Paraclete*
The grief-worn lover sought his last retreat;
Mid holy monks a rigid life he spent,
With sackcloth weeds and meagre fare content,
Seeking by penitence sincere t' evade
The bolt of vengeance hovering o'er his head:
So to *Vauclusia*'s solitude resign'd,
Dejected *Petrarch* for his *Laura* pin'd;
To shun the haunts of man, with eager feet,
O'er rocks and wilds he urg'd his swift retreat,
There, to re-echoing rocks and whispering groves,
He sung the tale of ill-requited loves.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ADDRESS,

Delivered in Union Lodge, at Albany, on the Festival of St. JOHN the BAPTIST, *June* 24, 1785.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MASTER,
WARDENS AND BRETHREN,

WHILE every countenance, expressive of attention and candour, insures a favourable reception, I rise, with the greatest satisfaction, to congratulate you on the return of this sacred anniversary.

Strongly attached to the interest of the *fraternity*, desirous of expressing my gratitude in a manner worthy their acceptance, I am induced to offer, at this time, a few sentiments on a subject to which far abler pens have done honour.

Let not any one imagine that I have the presumption to hope for applause: were even my abilities greater, or the theme less exhausted, while the memory of that festival is preserved,* when the sublimest truths, adorned with the beauties of eloquence, received the just tribute of general admiration, my warmest wishes can but aspire to candour.

In vain were the glories of the second temple displayed to those who remembered the magnificent structure of a SOLOMON.†

Of the illustrious characters whose names have been transmitted through ages, to whose memory monuments have been erected, and festivals decreed, none have had juster pretensions to those honours than the patrons of MASONRY.

Of the venerable BAPTIST, to whose memory we celebrate this festival, unerring Truth bears testimony, that "*He was a burning and a shining* LIGHT."‡

* St. John's Day, 27th December, 1783, when an address was delivered by the Right Worshipful Peter W. Yates, Esq.

† Ezra iii. 12. ‡ John v. 35.

Alike extraordinary was his life and mission: in the one we behold the most rigid abstinence and exemplary piety; the other is no less than to proclaim the approach and prepare the way of our Divine Master.

The philanthropy so characteristic of the inspired EVANGELIST, will endear his memory to the good and faithful of the *craft* for ages yet to come. We read that, labouring under the infirmities of extreme old age, no longer able to preside at the *agapæ** of the primitive christians, he sometimes caused himself to be brought thither on his couch, and, with a faltering voice, delivered this short, inestimable precept, "*Brethren, love one another.*"† A sentiment worthy of humanity in its purer state! worthy of its inspired author! thrice worthy to be remembered on this sacred occasion! Blush, ye mad votaries of contention, whose folios have incumbered the world; whose controversies have bewildered mankind; and whose doctrines, proudly obliterating the simple les-

* Feasts of charity. † Euseb. Hist. Eccles.

sons of nature, have darkened the understanding with errors! blush, that the amount of all your vaunted labours is inferior to this golden precept!

Let a censorious multitude be amused with the noise of contention—bask in the sunshine of a day—cling servilely to the wheels of the victor's car, and hail the being who has slaughtered thousands of his species, and deluged his country in blood; or, let them join the train of some theological zealot, who, in honour of the God of Mercy, crams the black prison of the inquisition, and smiles at the agonies of expiring heretics: let us, my brethren, choose the gentler walk of peace, explore the traces of debased humanity, and venerate those characters which have been serviceable to mankind.

Heaven, in forming us frail and dependent, points out the necessity of reciprocal benevolence, and, by blending duty with interest, renders it impossible to neglect the one without injuring the other.

If the principles of benevolence are founded in

nature; if the consciousness of having promoted human felicity affords the sublimest satisfaction—if, as CICERO has said, "*Homines re nulla propius ad Deos accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando,*"* justly do we esteem the society or individual that best cultivates so amiable a virtue.

The FRATERNITY have particularly laid claim to this honour. By taking a cursory view of the characters which have supported, and the principles which have governed, our institution, we may be better able to determine the justice of the pretension.

The Father of Mercies, who has directed us to extend our benevolence even to enemies, is our Supreme Grand Master; and the unerring *rule* he has given us, is that by which we work. Conforming to this rule, must not our theory be perfect? Doubtless, through the frailty of human nature, we may sometimes have erred in our practice; yet, I trust, we

* Never do men approach nearer to the Gods than when they contribute to the safety and happiness of others. *Cic. pro Lig.*

have never been so deficient in merit as to forfeit the claim.

Trust! did I say? We know, nay, boast that we have not—it is a decent boast, which well becomes us. Unroll the hoary volumes of antiquity, remove the screen from ages, and ask, Who were the first polishers and benefactors of mankind? We find that they were *Masons*. Is not he who first gave laws to society, who softened the brutal ferocity of their manners, and, from the rudest confusion, formed a regular and harmonious system, well deserving our remembrance and gratitude? History declares him to have been a *Mason*.

Who taught the first race of men to quit their gloomy haunts, woods, dens and caverns, to erect permanent edifices for shelter from the piercing cold, the storm relentless, and the mid-day glow? A *Mason*.

Owe we nothing to his memory who first discovered the magic of sound and the harmony of numbers? He was a *Mason*.

Shall I add to these a NOAH? He who, directed by the omniscient Deity, fabricated that Ark which preserved the species from entire destruction?

Can I omit mentioning his descendants, who were long celebrated through the East by the name of NOACHIDÆ? The plains of *Shinaar* witnessed their skill, what time thy haughty towers, O *Belus!* rising amidst the clouds, provoked the dread Omnipotent to vengeance.

The confusion of languages, and dispersion of the *craft*, however distressing to the immediate sufferers, were attended with the most beneficial consequences to mankind in general—for the *Royal Art*, which hitherto had been confined to the eastern countries, like a river breaking its mounds, and rushing into numerous channels, now introduced plenty and magnificence to every quarter of the world.

Holy writ has made honourable mention of many eminent Masons, whom I should not pass over in silence, but that amidst the crowd of worthies the

name of SOLOMON, like a star of the first magnitude shining with superior lustre, irresistibly draws our attention.

Great King of Israel! illustrious SOLOMON! how do we revere thy memory! how sacred is thy name to *masonry!* which shall we most admire, or first celebrate, thy reign, distinguished by peace, magnificence and plenty—thy exemplary prudence in regulating and instructing the *craft*—thy temple, not less remarkable for its emblematical ornaments than beauty, proportion, and splendour—or thy wisdom, which astonished and instructed sages?

> From the bright climes which hail the morning ray,
> From whence yon ocean laves the parting day,
> To thy wide courts inquiring monarchs came,
> And found thy wisdom, far transcend thy fame.

What though thy mortal part long since has mouldered in the dust, thy better portion still survives—perhaps even now thy gentle spirit hovers among us,

and, unseen, beholds, with delight, the labours of the faithful.

My brethren, with pleasure could I review the whole of this illustrious catalogue, and trace the glories of our ancient FRATERNITY; but when I mention a HIRAM, a CYRUS, a ZOROBABAAL, an EUCLID, PYTHAGORAS, or a PTOLEMY, such a crowd of worthies rush in upon my mind, that I am constrained to desist, lest haply I abuse your indulgence, and trespass on the more important duties of this joyful day.

Nor are the later patrons of our art inferior to those of antiquity. Modern times can boast that a JAMES I. of *England*, and his two immediate successors, received the immaculate badge, and protected the interests of MASONRY. However exceptionable their characters as princes may have been, the impartial have ever allowed, that, as men, they wanted none of the more amiable qualities.

The *Prussian fraternity* boast as their Grand-

Master the illustrious FREDERICK, alike the ornament of arms and letters—*France* reveres her LOUIS XVI.—and *America* beholds, with transport, *the cassia* entwining with the *laurels* of a WASHINGTON.

The duties which our art inculcates are highly important, and becoming the dignity of its professors. "A Mason," says one of our ancient charges, "is "obliged, by his tenure, to obey the moral law, and "if he rightly understands his art, he will never be "a stupid *atheist*, nor an irreligious *libertine*." Every object of his senses declares the existence of a DEITY, and cries aloud, "*He must delight in virtue.*"

We are particularly directed to be obedient to the magistracy, and submit cheerfully to power as derived from GOD: rebellion and disorder receive no protection from men who number peace, charity and unanimity with the brightest jewels of their profession.

A good Mason, with regard to mankind in general, must invariably act on the *square*, observing the golden precept of our divine Instructor, "*Whatso-*

ever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Ever liberal in his sentiments, his bosom glowing with philanthropy, he stretches out the inviting hand to the whole world of mankind, and cries, "Ye are my brothers and my sisters! Come "hither ye miserable, doubly endeared to me by your "misfortunes! I ask not whether ye have tasted of "the *Rubicon* or the *Ganges?* Whether ye have "sought the Creator in the mosque or synagogue, in "the church or conventicle, in the pomp or simpli- "city of devotion? Are ye hungry? I will feed "you. Are ye naked? I will clothe you. Are ye "wanderers? I will direct you. Are ye houseless? "I will give you shelter. The common Parent of "all causes yon bright luminary to rise on the evil "and the good. All the nations of the earth are his "children, and partake alike of his bounty. It ill "becomes a weak and erring mortal to discriminate." Such are the sentiments of a worthy brother. He waits not to be supplicated—he forces his bounty into

the reluctant hand, and spares the blushes of ingenuous Shame.

Ye generous mortals! ye friends of sensibility! be gentle while ye probe the deep wounds of Misfortune: O reverence the dignity of fallen Greatness! and increase not, by an ill-graced bounty, the anguish which is already insupportable. Less savage were that monster whose poignard would rend the bosom of the unfortunate, than he who multiplies gifts with an intention to upbraid.

The last important duty of a Mason respects himself. That celebrated precept of philosophy, *Know thyself*,* ought ever to be in his remembrance. To correct his appetites—restrain the fury of passions—to be patient and temperate in all things, is an indispensible duty on him who would wish to become eminent in our mysteries.

BRETHREN,

Since such have been the patrons of our art—since

* Know thyself.

such are the duties it inculcates, how careful ought we to be of preserving its dignity untarnished! If ever MASONRY, having withstood the shock of ages, and survived the destruction of empires, like them, should be lost in oblivion, know that neither the impotent malice of bigots, nor the prying curiosity of Cowans, but the hands of her unnatural sons shall give the fatal blow. Be ye, therefore, vigilant—guard well the portals of our temple, that no unhallowed foot may intrude on the consecrated threshold. It was an excellent caution which PYTHAGORAS gave his disciples, "*Cave cui dextram jungas.*"* We cannot be too scrupulous in examining the merits and pretensions of those who stand candidates for our mysteries. Inattention in this particular must be productive of the worst consequences to the *fraternity*. But if, after every possible precaution, some person unworthy our confidence should be admitted in those sacred walls—should an *Achan* be found in our camp,

* Be cautious to whom you give your hand.

or a *Gileadite* escape to our borders—far from our assemblies let the wretch be driven, branded with eternal ignomy, and consigned to that punishment his crimes deserve.

Let us consider that the eyes of a censorious world are upon us, ever eager to descry some defect—that the tongue of Slander is ever ready to propagate, and the ears of Curiosity to receive, some evil report: when, therefore, we mingle with the unenlightened and profane, let not the idea of our *masonic* importance forsake us. Are we inticed to intemperance? Are our tongues prepared to asperse the blameless character? Let this reflection, *I am a Mason!* be a solemn monitor to conscience, and bring us back to duty, ere that the imprudence of our conduct expose us to the reproach and censure of our enemies.

Avoid all disputes about masonry with those whom we cannot convince, and must not enlighten. No generous companion will enter the lists with a blind and defenceless enemy, nor think himself obliged to

resent the insolence of youth, the attacks of matrons, and the reproaches of dotage.

If, in the course of the late American revolution, any breaches have been made in our walls; if the golden chain which unites every part of the *fraternity* has contracted rust; or, if the cords of our tabernacle have been loosed; as you regard the dignity of our institution and your own honour, let me conjure you, by the most sacred ties, immediately to repair those breaches, to brighten that chain, and to strengthen those cords, that they may never be dissolved.

And to you, Right Worshipful Master,* as a member of the Grand Masonic Council of the State, this task more particularly belongs. I would wish to avoid the arrogance of that philosopher who thought to instruct a HANNIBAL in war—a more grateful task awaits me—to assure you of the high sense we

* Peter W. Yates, Esq. S. W. of the Grand Lodge, and Master of Union Lodge.

entertain of your past services, and the perfect confidence we have, that the same wisdom and spirit which so much distinguished those, may direct all your future exertions. Long may you do honour to that high station to which you have again been elected by the unanimous suffrage of our lodge! May you continue to exceed our most sanguine expectations! May unerring *Wisdom* direct, omnipotent *Strength* support, and unfading *Beauty* adorn all your labours!

But ere I close, permit me, Right Worshipful Brother,* to congratulate you on the happy revival of your lodge, and the pleasing prospect of recovering its former lustre. Like a celebrated Mason of antiquity, you must expect to labour long amidst the rubbish of the temple, and, from the wide ruins around you, to select materials for the future edifice! Difficulties which appear monstrous at a distance, lessen at the approach, and evaporate at the touch of industry. Vigilance and patience are virtues you must

* Z. Batchellor, Esq. Master of St. Patrick's Lodge, at Johnstown.

particularly cultivate; and these obtained, success is no longer dubious. May the osier which you have planted in the wilderness become a mighty tree, like some tall cedar on the mountains spreading wide its luxuriant branches, at once the glory of the forest, the shelter and delight of the faithful!

Excuse me, brethren, that my zeal has transported me thus far to intrude on the more important duties of the day. But now let the curtain be drawn; let every looser thought be secluded, while, with united hearts and hands, we celebrate those sacred mysteries, which no vulgar eye may behold, no unhallowed foot may approach, and which the great source of Light has unveiled to the worthy alone.

THE SHAKING QUAKERS.

AT the distance of a few miles from *Albany* lies the pleasant village of *Canistaguena*, an early settlement of the Low Dutch, and only remarkable for the sect of Shaking Quakers residing in its vicinity. As superstition seems to have united in these fanatics all the madness and extravagancy of every other sect that has at any time been the disgrace of religion and plague of mankind, perhaps I may be excused if I am somewhat particular on this subject. These *extravaganti*, not exceeding perhaps one or two hundred in number, first made their appearance in *America* about the year 1777; at least till that time their persons remained entirely unnoticed. Their patroness, who died in the autumn of 1784, is said to have been an obscure woman, who followed the army of the

unfortunate General BURGOYNE; but in what capacity, whether as washer-woman or scullion, is as yet undetermined: those who approve the maxim, *nil de mortuis nisi bonum*, will judge as favourably as possible. Whatever she was, she soon had a multitude of followers; for no absurdity is too gross for the vulgar; they believed her to be possessed of uncommon sanctity, till, proceeding from madness to impiety, they affected to represent her as co-equal with the Blessed Virgin, and inferior to Deity alone. Her titles were such as might be expected from fanatical madmen—"*The Elect Lady—the immaculate Pattern of Perfection—the Dispenser of Divine Judgments and Mercies*," were modest titles in comparison of others.

Led one day to this village by curiosity, I alighted at the door of a cottage, where a family of Quakers resided; I was pleased with the cleanly simplicity of every object. These holy minds, thought I, though elevated above finery, are yet attentive to decency.

Religion requires nothing sordid, and the cleanliness of the body at once should indicate and assist the purity of the soul. A countryman sat reading in his Bible; two women, at modest distance, sat solemnly attentive. Upon entering I made the trite observation on the warmth of the weather; it was returned in a solitary *yea*.

"Friend," says the traveller, "the report that the faithful are to assemble here this day hath brought me hither, to hear the words of truth and instruction." The countryman, without discovering the slightest emotion, or even moving his eyes from the book, replied, "If thou meanest to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, carnal pleasures and hireling teachers, and taking up your cross to follow CHRIST, as we have done, ye are blessed indeed, but otherwise must eternally perish." The traveller nodded assent. Long weary of the world and its delusions, he thought himself ready to renounce them; Conscience had long been his monitor, Reason his guide, and

Philosophy his teacher. Fanatics, like madmen, have lucid intervals, but these are soon succeeded by ravings. When the Quaker commenced a lengthy discourse on the utility of confessing our sins one to the other—when he insisted on the duty of selling all our possessions—when he enlarged on the pretended virtues of the Elect Lady, I sickened at the senseless jargon, and pitied the folly it were vain to expose.

The illiterate can seldom be wrought upon by reason. They are unused to connect ideas, or to make the necessary distinctions; but when superstition is added to ignorance, the chain is rivetted too fast ever to be loosed. It were in vain to attempt to describe the principles of a sect that evidently has no settled system; their whole discourse seems a confused collection of cant terms, to which they have fixed no determinate meaning. All the sectaries, from HUGH PETERS and GEORGE FOX to the present day, have pursued the same path, and seem to have mistaken noise for argument, and frenzy for inspiration.

I left them, and was returning full of disappointment and disgust, when, passing by another of their houses, a confused noise from within roused my attention: and then I first beheld the mystic dance; five or six women were whirling round on the floor with a velocity almost inconceivable. One of them continued this exercise, unabated, for the space of thirty minutes, without any appearance of dizziness or extraordinary fatigue. It is the province of the physician to determine what long use and repeated trials may effect. Almost every one, I believe, upon whirling round a few times, will find himself affected with extraordinary dizziness, and conclude it morally impossible to continue the motion for any considerable length of time.

While these were at this frantic exercise my attention was drawn, by a very lamentable groan, to an opposite part of the room. Here stands an emaciated figure rolling up his eyes to heaven, his countenance distorted, bosom heaving; while his hands

smiting his breast, presented the picture of the most exquisite woe. To this succeeds a gentle but general tremour—it increases—it becomes violent—and, at once he mingles with the whirling throng.—The classical reader may form a lively idea from the following description of the *Sybil* at *Cumæ*.

> Ante fores, subitò non vultus, non color unus,
> Non comptæ mansere comæ; sed pectus anhelum,
> Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
> Nec mortale sonans, afflata est numine quando
> Jam propiore Dei.
>
> *Virg. Æn. Lib.* vi. 47—51.

The last summer, upon another excursion, I found forty or fifty dancing at once. The men were whirling round at one part of the room, and the women at the other. The room was much crowded, and their eye-balls so distorted, that it was impossible for them to see; yet the holy ranks were not seen to break, nor the sexes to mingle. As the intense heat of the day had obliged the men to divest themselves

of a great part of their clothing, and the women were mostly dressed in white, they suggested the idea of a throng of discontented ghosts hovering round the gloomy shores of the *Stygian* lake, or a council of *Lapland* hags performing their nocturnal orgies on enchanted ground. How inimitably had a SHAKSPEARE's pen described them! how improved upon each pale and haggard visage! for the iron hand of Superstition furrowed every cheek, and impressed each feature with a *memento mori!*

The air of their music has a very singular effect: it is wild, but not disagreeable: something like this is the song of the *American* savage: such might probably have been the *Io Bacche* of the ancients; or such the ruder ditty of the *Erse*. This song they call, in their blasphemous cant, the song of MOSES and the LAMB: it is, indeed, unintelligible.

> And can the frenzy of this trembling throng,
> The frantic gestures, that unmeaning song,
> Please the just GOD—the GOD to whom in vain
> Were offer'd hecatombs of victims slain?

Should *Thureau* presents on his altars smoke,
Say, would his hand delay the avenging stroke?
The heart, tenacious of the secret given,
The modest prayer, which silence wafts to heaven,
The eye, which views with pity the distress'd,
These best can serve him, these can please him best.

The Magistrates of the State of *New-York* have behaved with wisdom in taking no notice of them: neglected, they will sink to nothing; persecuted, they will certainly increase. There is a strange pride in man, which induces him to court persecution. Tar and feathers have made many an enemy to *America;* and an enthusiast has made more proselytes at the stake than he would ever have done in the pulpit.

THE CAHOOS FALLS.

THE *Cahoos Falls*, though deservedly reckoned among the natural curiosities of this country, are only worthy the attention of a sentimental traveller from the following circumstance:—

Many years since, an Indian and a Squaw, having made too free with the bottle, were carelessly paddling along the *Mohawk* in their canoe; on a sudden they perceived themselves irresistibly drawn by the current, and hurried down the stream to the dreadful cataract. Looking upon their fate as inevitable, they composed themselves to die with resolution, in a manner worthy of their ancestors. They drank the last dregs of the intoxicating cup, and began the melancholy death song.

Occuna was dashed into pieces against the rocks. His faithful consort escaped, but by what miracle has

never been known. The Indians of their tribe have preserved this incident by faithful tradition; and as often as any of them pass the fatal spot, they make a solemn halt, and commemorate the death of *Occuna;* they have even remembered the song that the lovers alternately chanted while hurrying into the jaws of Dissolution. The following is a literal translation, though I am sensible much of the force and beauty of the original is wanting.

"Daughter of a mighty warrior, the great *Ma-*
"*nitow* calls me hence; he bids me hasten into his
"presence: I hear his voice in the stream; I perceive
"his spirit in the moving of the waters."

"Art thou not thyself a mighty warrior, O *Oc-*
"*cuna!* Hath not thy hatchet been repeatedly bathed
"in the blood of thine enemies! Hath the fleet deer
"ever escaped thy arrows, or the beaver eluded thy
"pursuit! why then shouldst thou fear to go into the
"presence of *Manitow?*"

"*Manitow* regardeth the brave—he respecteth the

" prayer of the mighty! When I selected thee from " the daughters of thy mother, I promised to live " and die with thee. The Thunderer has called us " together."

" Welcome, O shade of *Oriska*, great chief of " the invincible *Senecas!* lo, a warrior, and the " daughter of a warrior, come to join you in the " feast of the blessed!"

" At this song," say the Indians, " even Fate re- " lented, and *Manitow* had spared the chief, but that " the decree of heaven was irrevocable; yet his mag- " nanimity was well rewarded. Raised high above " the regions of the moon, he views, with joy, the " prosperous huntings of the warriors; he gives plea- " sant dreams to his friends, and terrifies their ene- " mies with disastrous omens!"

This tradition not being entirely deficient in sentiment, the Traveller has thought proper to preserve it; yet, in justice to himself, he ought to mention, that the fact is by no means incontestible: it is difficult to

conceive how the Squaw could be exempted from the fate of her companion; and it is improbable that they should have either leisure or presence of mind sufficient for so long a death song.

The *American* savages, like the Orientals, are fond of the marvellous, and lavish of their hyperboles, especially when any of their favourite heroes are concerned; nor will it appear surprising to one who considers that their traditions are frequently in songs, that this story has received some poetical embellishment. It was poetical tradition that immortalised a *Thor*, an *Odin*, or a Prince *Arthur*, whom we now regard as fabulous personages; or even if we admit that such men ever existed, we claim great abatement for the cloud of fiction which surrounds them. Let such as dispute whether *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, and *Hector* were the authors of those speeches which *Homer* ascribes to them, reject the death song of *Occuna*. Poets, in all ages, have claimed extensive liberties; and certainly a race whose actions are re-

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Errata.

In page 152, line 7, for " slighest" read *slightest.*
8, for " fibi" read *sibi.*

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July 2, 1801.

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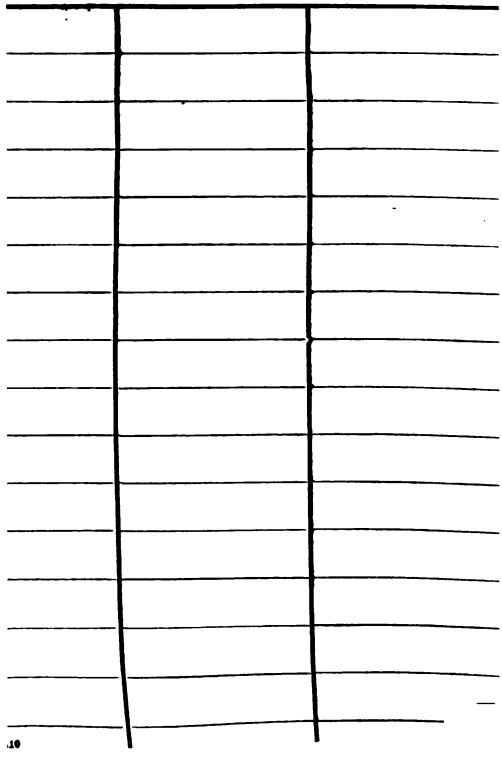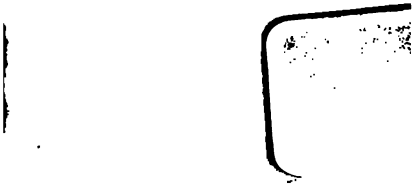
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